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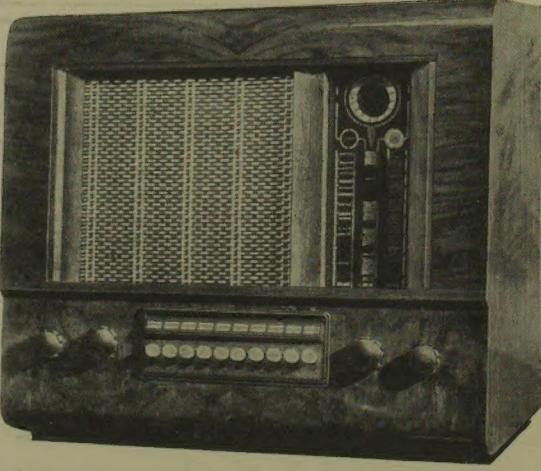
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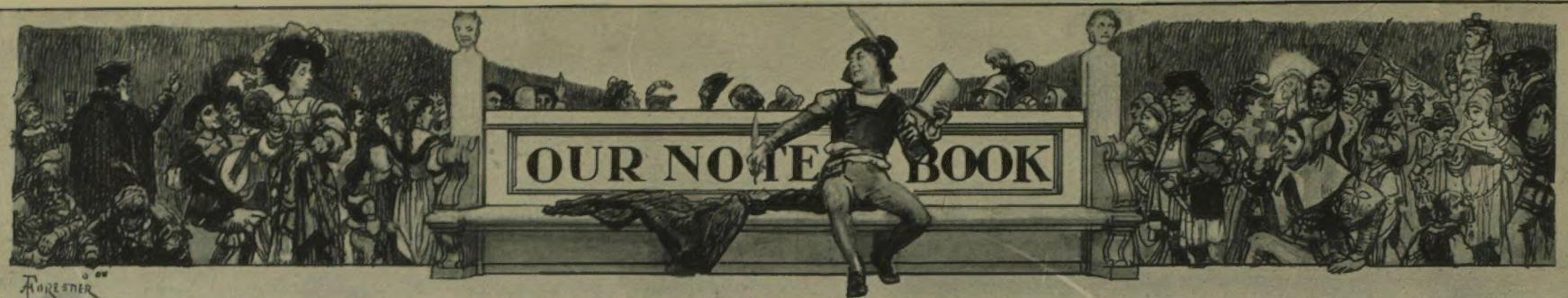
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1939.



THE WAR OFFICE "IN PRISON": TYPISTS WORKING IN A CELL IN A GAOL IN THE LONDON AREA REQUISITIONED TO HOUSE A DEPARTMENT WHICH HAS UNDERGONE A VAST EXPANSION.

The idea of the War Office in prison cells suggests a number of facetious contingencies, and doubtless Dr. Goebbels' brilliant collaborators will think of some ingenious propaganda twist to give the news; while regretting that it was not the Admiralty that has been so housed. This, of course, would have afforded them golden opportunities for headlines suggesting that the "arch-villain Churchill" has met his deserts at last. The plain fact of the matter, however, is that this particular

Government building was found convenient for the enormously expanded War Office, and accordingly requisitioned after the prisoners had been duly evacuated. During the last war, a great many buildings, of many diverse categories, and of varying architectural merit, were taken over—the old Hotel Cecil, in the Strand, for instance, as the first Air Ministry, whose present headquarters were occupied for four years by the Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement. (Topical.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

TO an educated Englishman, the French are the greatest people on the earth except his own. I am not counting the Americans, who, for all their points of difference, are partly of our stock, more of our history and tradition, and almost wholly—at any rate, until recently—of our language. With this exception, France is the one country whose liberty I should, and under all and every circumstances, wish to see Great Britain fight to preserve. For the French are the complement to ourselves—the other half of the whole which makes up the great democratic tradition of the Roman west. Our histories have often diverged and sometimes clashed, but we derive from the same source and move toward the same end. We are now moving close together and so, I believe, shall now always continue so long as our common civilisation endures.

By this I do not mean to convey the idea that the French are like ourselves. They are not. I can scarcely conceive of any greater loss to humanity than that they should become so. Their value to us, and to the rest of the world, lies in the very fact that they are so different—different and yet harnessed to the same enduring tides and stars.

In a sense, a Frenchman is the better man the less like he is to an Englishman. And the corollary is also true: a truly French Englishman is an impossibility and a Frenchified Englishman is a general nuisance to himself and a burden to his friends. The virtues of a Frenchman are almost impossible for an Englishman to emulate: it is only his vices he can hope to copy. For the latter are superficial and obvious, while the former are at first hidden and arise from the very strength, length and intensity of a peculiar and purely French history and experience which no Englishman can have shared. My predecessor on this page—a man whose greatness becomes more apparent with the reading of almost every line he wrote—once tried to define the essential difference between Frenchmen and Englishmen. He saw that those attributes which the superficial observer takes for the peculiar characteristics of the French are, in fact, a mere flower, transitory if recurrent, of the sturdy, indomitable plant that is France. "Thus their obscenity is the expression of their passionate love of dragging all things into the light. The avarice of their peasants means the independence of their peasants. What the English call their rudeness in the streets is a phase of their social equality. The worried look of their women is connected with the responsibility of their women: and a certain unconscious brutality of hurry and gesture in the men is related to their inexhaustible and extraordinary military courage." These surface attributes are

nothing without the glorious virtues underneath. That is why, to a true lover of France, that country is so lovely to look upon in her hour of adversity. I have only once since loved her so much as I did in the summer of 1918, when her capital was under German gunfire. That was this August, when I was stranded for three days on her shore in an abortive holiday while awaiting the tragic issue of war or peace. It was then that one saw France in all her sober splendour. Her people were showing that almost frightening unity that they invariably display in the hour of danger, and that is so astonishing to foreigners who only know them in their normal state of extreme individualism and apparent indiscipline. Gone was the seeming pertness and rather slovenly *insouciance* that sometimes mars the spectacle of France in her unguarded hours of prosperity: like a French regiment roused from the struggling formlessness of the march by approach to the enemy,

in his hand, and his conversation was punctuated by a kind of Greek chorus from shrill telephone bells. Yet never once in all this flurry did he show, even in his calm but harassed face, the slightest courtesy towards his, at times, over-insistent British interrogators. Indeed, one felt that he was genuinely sorry for their plight and was resolved to do everything that he humanly could for each one of them. And in the intervals he found time to chat most philosophically with me about the mysterious but unalterable workings of the French postal system and the little ancient Loire town from which he hailed and where, by a sad irony of circumstance, I had intended to spend the first night of my broken journey to the south. The only subject he would not discuss was that which was uppermost in his mind and mine. Whenever the name of Germany was mentioned, he would merely shrug his shoulders. And in this he characterised the attitude of his entire country.



BRITAIN'S WAR CABINET OF NINE—ANNOUNCED ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WAR—TOGETHER WITH THE HOME SECRETARY, THE DOMINIONS MINISTER, AND THE CABINET SECRETARY, WHO ALSO HAVE ACCESS TO THE MEETINGS.

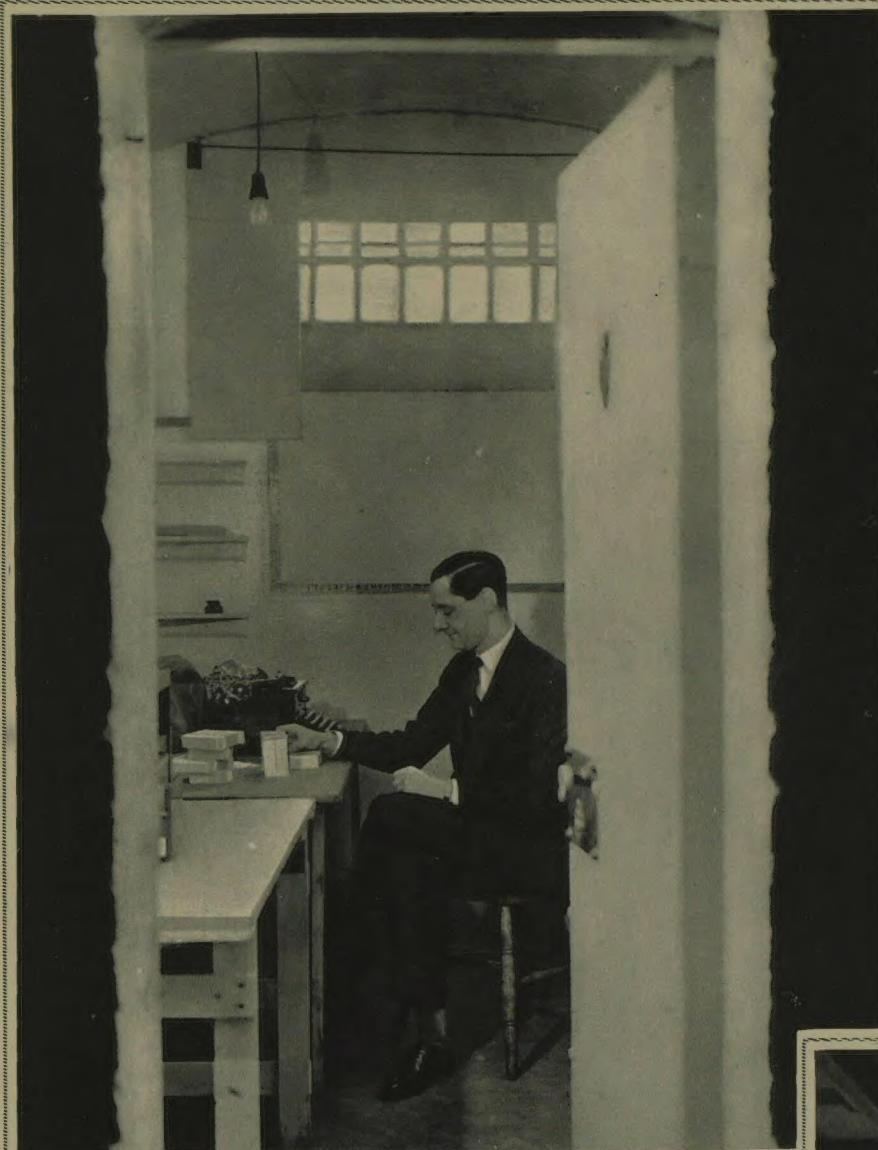
Britain's War Cabinet of nine, on the lines of the War Cabinet set up in December 1916, was announced on the night of September 3, the first day of the war. Our photograph shows (back row, left to right) Sir John Anderson, Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security; Lord Hankey, Minister Without Portfolio; Mr. Hore-Belisha, Secretary of State for War; Mr. Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty; Sir Kingsley Wood, Secretary of State for Air; Mr. Anthony Eden, Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs; and Sir Edward Bridges, the Secretary of the Cabinet. In the front row (left to right) are: Lord Halifax, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord Privy Seal; and Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, Minister for Co-ordination of Defence. Sir John Anderson and Mr. Eden are not actual members of the War Cabinet, but have access to the meetings; as does Sir Edward Bridges, the Secretary of the Cabinet. As we write, Mr. Chamberlain is suffering from an acute attack of gout—the first for eighteen months. The Prime Minister has, however, continued his work as usual, consulting with Ministers and others in his bedroom. (Vandyk.)

they were taut, dignified and infinitely alert. Their tragic calm was almost terrifying: I had the impression of a whole people in black, with their faces, without a single dissentient, set sternly towards their threatened frontier. Yet even in that attitude they could spare time to show a delicate consideration and kindness to their English guests (who must at that moment have been an infuriating distraction) that I shall remember with tenderness as long as I live. The behaviour of the concierge of a Channel port hotel is particularly impressed on my memory: all day long (and most of the night) he dealt continuously with a bewildering stream of Britannic visitors of the commanding classes, who pelted him—often three or four of them at the same moment—with urgent enquiries about their lost luggage and stranded cars, handed in interminable telegrams and put through telephone calls over blocked lines to England: indeed, he was never without a receiver

loved soil the French can be terribly stern. In this they are like a woman whose child has been hurt by a stranger—fierce, jealous and unappeasable.

What France suffered in the last war only one who lived in or travelled extensively through the haunted desolation of the old "No Man's Land" can realise. For that long strip of scarred nightmare, running like an open wound across the face of France, no Frenchman has ever been able to forgive the German invader. For years after the war ended he could only think of him as the unspeakable Boche—a wrong and an irreparable injury incarnate rather than a fellow-creature. The milk of human kindness ceased to flow in even the kindest French veins when that hated name was mentioned. And for many years the policy of the Quai d'Orsay towards Germany faithfully reflected the mood of France. It was inexorable.

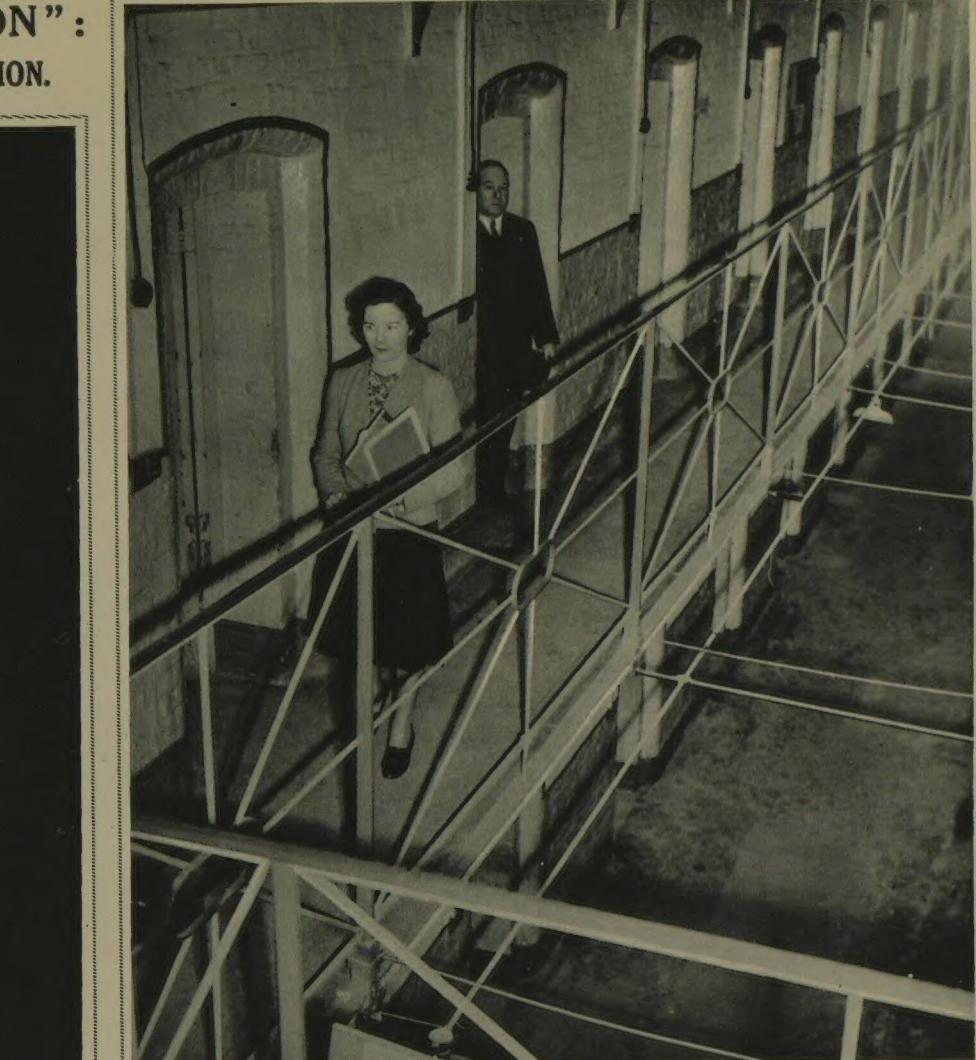
THE WAR OFFICE WORKS "IN PRISON": AUSTERITIES OF WARTIME DEPARTMENTAL EXPANSION.



INDICATING THE CIRCUMSCRIBED LEBENSRAUM OF THE ORIGINAL INMATE:
A WAR OFFICE FILING CLERK IN TEMPORARY QUARTERS IN A PRISON.



"IN PRISON," PERHAPS FOR THE DURATION: WAR DEPARTMENT OFFICE WORKERS PASSING THE EXERCISE YARD TO ENTER THE PRISON BUILDINGS.



A SECTION OF THE NEW OFFICES OF ONE OF THE WAR OFFICE DEPARTMENTS,
FOR WHOSE USE THE GOVERNMENT HAS REQUISITIONED A LONDON PRISON.



A VIEW OF "B" HALL IN THE REQUISITIONED PRISON, SHOWING THE CELLS OCCUPIED
BY CLERICAL STAFF, CONNECTED BY NARROW GALLERIES FORMERLY USED BY PRISONERS.

The catering department and kitchen of the emergency offices recently provided by the Government for the staff of a department of the War Office, in an evacuated prison in the London area, of which typical views are given above, is situated in the basement of the building, where the prisoners formerly cooked and prepared meals for themselves and their fellow-inmates. It is reported that very few alterations have been made to render the cells adaptable for use as offices; so much, indeed,

is borne out by the interior views given on this and the front page, where men and women members of a departmental staff are seen at work beneath barred windows and surrounded by walls of an unequivocal bareness. As will occur, no doubt, to the minds of many readers spontaneously, the grim view of the "B" hall might be the very "lot" which served for the unforgettable prison scenes in Charlie Chaplin's last film, "Modern Times." (Fox.)

TWENTY-ONE YEARS AFTERWARDS: THE GRAVES OF 50,000 GERMANS "FALLEN FOR THE FATHERLAND."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST ON THE
WESTERN FRONT, CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

MONT ST ELIOT

VILLERS AU BOIS

SOUCHEZ LA TARGETTE NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE

VIMY RIDGE MEMORIAL



A GRIM COMMENTARY ON THE ALLIED ARMISTICE DAY SERVICE HELD ON THE VIMY RIDGE NEAR BY—AND THE MADNESS OF NAZI AMBITIONS: A VAST GERMAN CEMETERY WEST OF THE RIDGE; WITH LANDMARKS THAT WERE HOUSEHOLD WORDS IN THE LAST WAR, ON THE HORIZON.

Captain Bryan de Grineau, our special war artist on the Western Front, writes: "Around the bleak and windswept slopes of Vimy Ridge many monuments rise skywards from the hills and valleys which suffered such agonies of war in 1914-18, commemorating those of the Allied forces who gave their lives in that long, grim struggle against the invaders. The great memorials on Vimy Ridge and Notre Dame de Lorette dominate the countryside for many miles, and there on Armistice Day the leaders of the Allied troops in this renewed crusade against

the same enemy go in solemn pilgrimage." Accounts printed in English newspapers give a picture of a strange ceremony, with all cars carefully camouflaged, and anti-aircraft guns on the watch for raiders. "But," Captain de Grineau writes, "there is another enormous cemetery which straggles along the sides of this land of graves of the fallen. On the road from Arras to Lorette, deserted by mourners, but cared for and tended by the French, is the last resting-place of over 50,000 German soldiers whose simple monuments run up the lower slopes

of the Vimy Ridge like a dwarf forest of small black crosses, shown up by the white silvery chalk of the ground. 'Fallen for the Fatherland' read their inscriptions." Here on the western face of the ridge, where, as the drawing shows, there are still the remains of German concrete dugouts, was the dreadful "Labyrinth," a maze of wire and chalk galleries conquered yard by yard by the French in the costly offensive of the early summer of 1915 which centred on Souchez. It was perhaps the most elaborate trench system on the Western

Front. The chalky soil favoured the German engineers, and the tactical importance of the ground demanded it. Attackers and defenders alike suffered dreadful losses before the ground was finally won. Well might the spectacle of this mournful valley of the shadow, not far from places where he himself served as a soldier, have turned Hitler away from plunging his country into a second Weltkrieg oder Niedergang war, with its thousands of fresh black crosses, and the futile "Fallen for the Fatherland."

"PAULINES" IN THE COUNTRY—AFTER A BICYCLE TREK FROM LONDON.



FEATURES OF THE NEW LIFE OF ST. PAUL'S AT EASTHAMPSTEAD. THE BOYS WEAR GYM. SHOES DURING LESSON HOURS (WORK IN THE LIBRARY IS SEEN ON THE LEFT), AND ON THE RIGHT THEY MAY BE SEEN CHANGING INTO THEM AFTER BICYCLING IN FROM THEIR BILLETS.



A "REVISION PAPER" IN THE BALLROOM, AFFORDING A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SIGNS OF FORMER SPLENDOUR AND A MOTLEY COLLECTION OF CHAIRS.



THE WEEKLY "PAY ENVELOPE"—THE "PAY" BEING FOR THE VARIOUS BILLETS WHERE THE BOYS LIVE.



THE LUNCH-TIME SCENE IN ONE OF THE BILLETS—BOYS CYCLING BACK TO THEIR LODGINGS FOR MEALS.

In our issue of November 4 we illustrated Malvern College installed in Blenheim Palace. On these pages we show St. Paul's, the famous London day school (whose celebrated sons include the late G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Compton Mackenzie), installed at Easthampstead Park, Crowthorne, Berkshire. The evacuation of

St. Paul's from its home in West Kensington (now a fire station) to Crowthorne—a distance of over 30 miles—was largely made on bicycles; not, of course, en masse, but in small groups of six. As many as 80 per cent. of the school arrived in this way. The normal strength of the school is about 700, including

[Continued opposite.]

"PAULINES" IN THE COUNTRY—BOOKWORK AND "DIGGING SQUADS."



BOYS OF ST. PAUL'S, EVACUATED TO THE COUNTRY, SET OFF AFTER SCHOOL TO EXPLORE THEIR NEW SURROUNDINGS—WITH BICYCLES WELL TO THE FORE.



BACK TO THE SOIL—THE DIGGING SQUAD ARRIVE AT THE NEAR-BY FARM WHERE ST. PAUL'S IS TO GROW ITS OWN VEGETABLES.

Continued.

some sixty boarders. At Easthampstead some 600 boys are attending school, living either billeted in small groups in neighbouring houses, or in hostels housing thirty or forty. Friday is "pay day," when the boys receive their billeting money. The boys cycle in to school daily from their billets, returning for lunch. On arrival at Easthampstead they change their outdoor shoes—or Wellington

boots—for gym. shoes, before beginning lessons. Cycles also provide the transport to chemistry classes, these being held at St. Paul's new neighbour, Wellington College. Wellington recently completed the building of new laboratories, so St. Paul's can use the old "labs." without any disorganisation of Wellington's time-table. Further illustrations are on page 736. (Fox Photos.)

FROM KENSINGTON TO BERKSHIRE: ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY.



ST. PAUL'S, LONDON'S FAMOUS DAY SCHOOL, EVACUATED TO BERKSHIRE :
BOYS AT WORK IN THE GARDENS—THE SCHOOL HAVING DECIDED TO GROW
ITS OWN VEGETABLES.



"PAULINES" IN A NEW SETTING—BOYS STROLLING ABOUT BENEATH A LARGE
STAINED-GLASS WINDOW IN THEIR "HOME-FROM-HOME."



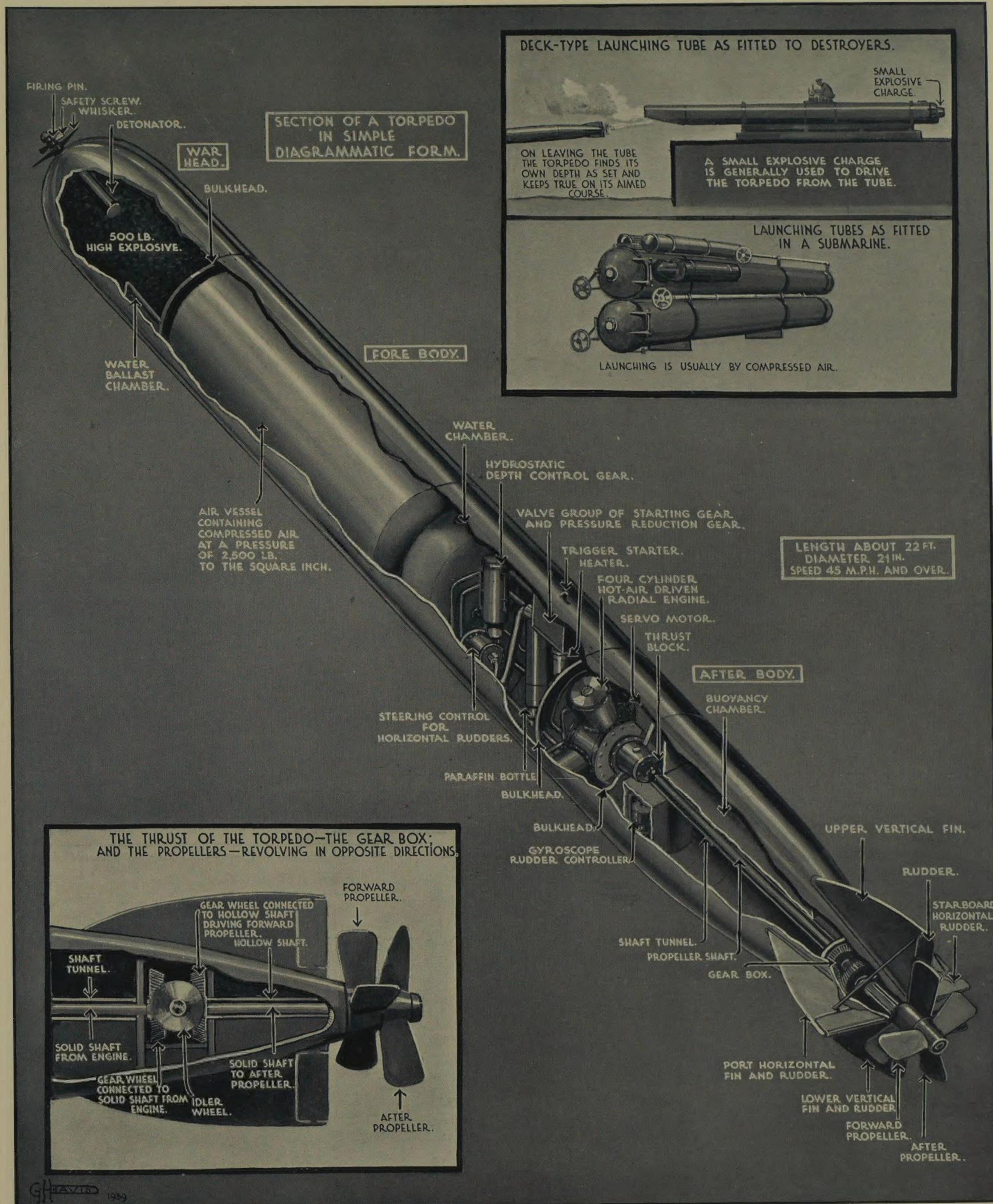
CLASSES IN EASTHAMPSTEAD PARK—THE COUNTRY HOUSE TO WHICH ST. PAUL'S HAS EVACUATED : A CONTRASTING SCENE OF OLD MASTERS AND TRESTLE-TABLES (LEFT);
AND A LESSON ON "SIMILAR FRENCH VERBS ENDING IN NDRE."

On this and the preceding pages are photographs of London's famous day school, St. Paul's, in its wartime surroundings in Berkshire. Here we show "Paulines" at work—in classes and in the fields. The school is aiming at self-sufficiency as regards vegetables, and "digging squads" cycle to a near-by farm where land is

to be cultivated by the school. The cycle has more than proved its worth in the evacuation of St. Paul's, about 80 per cent. of the boys using their cycles for the journey from the school's old premises in West Kensington—now a fire station—to Easthampstead, a distance of over thirty miles. (Fox Photos.)

THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE NAVAL WEAPON OF THE WAR: THE TORPEDO.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS.



THE "TIN FISH" THAT GIVES THE SUBMARINE ITS DEADLY POWER: THE WORKING OF A TORPEDO DIAGRAMMATICALLY EXPLAINED; AND METHODS OF FIRING.

Up to now the torpedo has wrought more havoc in the war at sea than any other type of weapon. It is probably safe to say that not a heavy gun has been fired in anger since the war began; aerial bombs have achieved very little; mines no more; but torpedoes have already sunk two large British warships and a number of merchant vessels. One of the most complicated pieces of mechanism ever devised by man, each torpedo costs as much as a very expensive motor-car. A salvo of four probably represents an expenditure of over £8000; so that, assuming that two salvos were fired, it cost the German Government some £16,000 to sink the "Royal Oak." There are more than 6000 parts in every torpedo, most of them made with more precision than the tiniest parts of a watch; but the most

amazing thing is the little hot-air motor, weighing only a few pounds, yet developing well over 350 h.p. The air for driving the motor is stored in an immensely strong chamber occupying the next compartment aft of the warhead, at a pressure of 2500 lb. to the square inch. Before going to the motor it is mixed with fuel gas and steam produced by the combustion of paraffin in the generator, or heater. The motor drives the torpedo at a speed of over forty knots—a figure that only the swiftest of warships can attain. The explosive charge is contained in the warhead. On the nose are the "whiskers" and the safety fan. The torpedo's movement through the water turns the blades of the fan, moving it off the screw of the detonator pin, when the pin can be driven in and the charge fired.

"THE BEAUTEOUS BOAST OF BRITAIN'S ISLE."

"THE DAUGHTERS OF GEORGE III." : By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MISS DOROTHY MARGARET STUART, author of excellent books on Horace Walpole and Christina Rossetti, is a scholar and writes well. Books about social life in the Georgian period are not always marked either by scholarship or good writing; but in her new book on George III.'s daughters she treats with all her usual thoroughness of research and ease with history a theme of the kind which is frequently left to the book-making gossips.

George III. and Queen Charlotte, besides their seven sons, had six daughters. The eldest, Charlotte, Queen of Würtemberg, was born in 1766 and died in 1828. The youngest, Amelia, was born in 1783 and died in 1810. In between came Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary and Sophia. Of these, Elizabeth made a very late marriage with the Hereditary Prince of Hesse, and Mary married her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, generally known as "Cheese," "Slice," or "Silly Billy." But popular interest has usually centred upon Augusta, Sophia and Amelia. They were all cooped up by their parents, and it was rumoured of all of them that they had had secret romances.

In this volume, fortified by many "new" papers from Windsor and elsewhere, Miss Stuart discusses the evidence for these legends. The men were all men who were at times about the Court, as was natural. Amelia loved, possibly married, and conceivably bore a child by, Colonel

of fifteen pages is composed entirely of people's names. The glimpses of George III. and his Queen, if pieced together, would make chapters in themselves. The old King comes out very attractively. He was rigid, in his German way, about royal marriages; but otherwise he was kind, unaffected, sensible, jolly and

adding, 'I am like poor Lear, but thank God I have no Regan, no Goneril, only three Cordelias.' The Queen wept in relating this"—a passage which should be borne in mind when people recall the story about saying that a great deal of Shakespeare was "sad stuff," but that nobody was allowed to say so. And

here is a more cheerful sidelight: "Early in February 1789, during the first stage of the King's convalescence, he constrained the Queen, Augusta, and Elizabeth to join him in singing 'Rule, Britannia' and 'Heart of Oak.' His physicians and equerries regarded this as a favourable symptom." The King is a lovable figure in this book, and his much-maligned sons come out very agreeably in the family circle, especially William and, above all, the Prince Regent.

Everybody knows the worst about George IV., but by his sisters he was beloved, and with reason. One of the first things he did when he was Regent was to give separate establishments to his sisters—mature women whom their mulish and possessive mother wanted to keep in the nursery-nunnery. People can partly be judged by the letters written to them. Here is one which Sophia wrote in her thirty-fifth year. She heads it: "From the Nunnery," and says: "My heart overflows with gratitude for all Your noble and generous intentions towards us, which should You succeed in or not, our gratitude must be the same. The only thing that frets and



"QUEEN CHARLOTTE WITH THE PRINCESS ROYAL"; BY BENJAMIN WEST—THE PRINCESS ROYAL (1766-1828) LATER BECAME QUEEN OF WÜRTEMBERG. (BUCKINGHAM PALACE.)

(By Gracious Permission of his Majesty the King.)

sensitive. A great deal of light is shed by revelations of his remarks when his mind was disturbed. The Queen of Würtemberg, we are told, "spoke much of her father, of his recovery from his first illness; mentioned the story one has often heard of his wishing to read 'King Lear,' which the doctors refused him, and which he got in spite of them by asking for Colman's works, in which he knew he should find the



"THE THREE YOUNGEST DAUGHTERS OF GEORGE III."; BY J. S. COBLEY—BEING MARY, 1776-1857; SOPHIA, 1777-1848; AND AMELIA, 1783-1810. (BUCKINGHAM PALACE.)

(Reproduced by Gracious Permission of his Majesty the King.)

The six daughters of George III. were, as Miss Stuart writes, "at least in their earlier years, more than passably handsome." Peter Pindar (Thomas Wolcot, the poet and satirist) called them "The beauteous boast of Britain's Isle."

Fitzroy. The same must be said about the relations between Sophia and Thomas Garth. And Miss Stuart produces a great deal of evidence for a long *liaison* between Augusta and Sir Brent Spencer, who was Wellington's second-in-command in the Peninsular. All these affairs are discussed here with judgment and sympathy. But the lives and their backgrounds interweave, and the general effect of this solid but lively book is panoramic.

This is a book full of scenes, stories and people. There are sidelights in it on swarms of characters besides those who are its central figures: the index



"PRINCESS AUGUSTA SOPHIA", 1768-1840; BY GAINSBOROUGH. (WINDSOR CASTLE.)

(By Gracious Permission of his Majesty the King.)

REPRODUCTIONS FROM "THE DAUGHTERS OF GEORGE III." ; BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. MACMILLAN.)



"PRINCESS ELIZABETH AS LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE-HOMBURG" (1770-1840); AFTER A PAINTING BY H. EDRIDGE.

worries me is the idea that your kindness to four old Cats may cause You any *desagrément* with the Ministers; I could forfeit anything sooner than that we should be the cause of this. How good you are to us, which however imperfectly expressed I feel most deeply. Poor old wretches as we are, a dead weight upon You, old Lumber to the country, like Old Clothes, I wonder you do not vote for putting us in a sack and drowning us in The Thames. Two of us would be fine food for the Fishes, and as to Miny and me we will take our chance together. Thank God that you got safe to Town—how vexed I am that I did not see you before you left Oatlands. All here goes on the same—quiet days do us no good—it only shews the mind more completely gone. God bless You, My dearest G. P.—Ever your unalterably attached Sophy."

At that time he was Regent... Long after he had been King and died, another sister, Elizabeth, the Landgravine, explained his weaknesses in a note: "My eldest Brother was *all heart*, and had he been left to his own judgment would ever have been kind

(Continued on page 764)

HOW OUR AUTHENTIC WAR DRAWINGS ARE MADE: THE ARTIST "REPORTER."

1. It is hardly necessary to say that a drawing reconstructing a war incident and published in "The Illustrated London News" is not a figment of an artist's imagination, and that in fact the greatest care is taken to ensure accuracy in every possible detail. But our readers may be interested to see how this particular type of highly skilled "reporting" is carried on, and the great documentary value of our drawings ensured. We show here, in a series of photographs, how our special artist, Mr. G. H. Davis, obtained the data for his drawings of the sinking of the "Stonegate" by the "Deutschland," and of the stopping and capture of the "City of Flint." Undoubtedly the best witness was Captain Randall, master of the "Stonegate." A series of telephone calls led to the discovery that he had just reached England after being released by the Norwegians at Tromsö.



2. MR. G. H. DAVIS (LEFT), HAVING GOT INTO TOUCH WITH CAPTAIN RANDALL, OF THE "STONEGATE," ARRANGES A MEETING. HE IS HERE SEEN EXPLAINING TO CAPTAIN RANDALL HIS METHODS OF PRODUCING AUTHENTIC DRAWINGS.



4. MEANWHILE THE ARTIST HAS BEEN MAKING NOTES AND ROUGH SKETCHES. HERE HE IS SEEN EXPLAINING DETAILS OF ONE OF THE SKETCHES TO CAPTAIN RANDALL FOR HIM TO SUGGEST ANY CORRECTIONS REQUIRED.



6. WHEN THE SKETCH HAS BEEN PASSED BY THE CENSORS THE ARTIST PROCEEDS TO MAKE THE FINISHED DRAWING. INTO THIS HE WORKS MANY CIRCUMSTANTIAL DETAILS WHICH COULD ONLY BE INDICATED BY NOTES IN THE SKETCH, SUCH AS THE STATE OF THE SEA AND SKY.

From these photographs it will be seen that the business of preparing an authentic drawing is an elaborate one. Many details had to be supplied by Captain Randall, including such things as the appearance of the sky and the colour of the ships, down to small points such as that the "Stonegate's" boats were not propelled by oars, but by levers operating a small propeller. Technical points may entail further alterations before the Censor's stamp, "No-Admiralty Objection," and the stamp of the Press Censorship Bureau, "Passed for Publication," are affixed. The descriptive matter has also to be passed by the Censors.



3. BY MEANS OF CARDBOARD MODELS PREPARED BY OUR ARTIST CAPTAIN RANDALL EXPLAINS IN DETAIL THE MOVEMENTS OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND" (SEEN ON THE RIGHT) AND OF HIS OWN SHIP. HE IS ACTUALLY SHOWING HOW HE LEFT HIS SHIP WHEN ORDERED TO ABANDON HER BY THE RAIDER.



5. THE ARTIST THEN PROCEEDS TO MAKE A MORE FINISHED SKETCH FROM HIS PRELIMINARY DRAWINGS. THIS HAS TO BE SUBMITTED TO THE ADMIRALTY CENSOR, AND ALSO TO THE PRESS CENSOR AT THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION. THE DRAWING SEEN HERE SHOWS THE PRIZE CREW GOING FROM THE "DEUTSCHLAND" TO THE NOW FAMOUS "CITY OF FLINT."



7. WHEN THE DRAWING HAS BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED AND PROCESSED, THE ARTIST IS ABLE TO STUDY THE FINISHED REPRODUCTION IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

THE METHOD OF SAFEGUARDING THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS: THE BRITISH NAVAL CONVOY SYSTEM AT WORK.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY G. H. DAVIS.



MAKING THE HIGH SEAS SAFE FOR ALLIED AND NEUTRAL SHIPPING—A CONVOY OF MERCHANTMEN PROTECTED RAIDERS BY A LARGER WARSHIP, WHILE LONG-RANGE

Ships travelling in a convoy system continuously zigzag in close formation, and above the ships can be seen just turning to port. This continually changing zigzag pattern makes it extremely difficult for an attacking U-boat to fire her torpedoes; she might put up her periscope when the ships were heading away from her, in which case an attack would be hopeless; or she might put it up right in the convoy's midst, when she would be too close to fire her torpedo, and would be in the greatest danger not only of having a shower of bombs and depth-charges rained upon her as soon as her periscope

became visible, but also of being crushed by the ships' keels. Thus even a slow convoy, with its forty or fifty ships straggling across miles of Atlantic, does not offer an easy target to submarines. Besides the ships' artillery, bombers and depth-charges, there is also the defence of a well-armed naval escort; while yet another danger to the U-boat is that of being spotted and attacked by the long-range flying-boats. Convoys on a large scale were introduced towards the end of the last year of the 1914-18 war. Their most important field was the Atlantic service: out of 16,500 vessels convoyed

AGAINST SUBMARINES BY DESTROYER SCREENS, ARMED TRAWLERS AND MINESWEEPERS, AND AGAINST SURFACE FLYING-BOATS SCAN THE OCEAN FROM ABOVE.

on the Atlantic, only 6 per cent., or 102 ships, were sunk by U-boats. There were three types of convoy, fast, medium, and slow. The fast convoys were exclusively large ocean-liners, and a batch of small British, which carried American troops and also cargo. Their cruising speed was 13 knots. The medium and slow convoys carried only cargo, and their vessels were more numerous: in a slow convoy there might be as many as forty or fifty ships. The medium convoy's speed was some nine to ten knots, and that of the slow some four to seven. Convoys were timed as exactly

as express trains, each running on a different route, and each scheduled to arrive on time at a fixed but changeable "rendezvous" some 300 miles off the Irish coast. There it would be met by a destroyer escort, which would take it through the more dangerous home waters. This timing necessitated, needless to say, an immense amount of detail to be worked out, generally a month ahead. The zigzagging in close formation already alluded to means, of course, a considerable time loss on the day's run. It also entails the need for an efficient system of signalling, upon which success largely depends.

HOLLAND MAKES AN ALLY OF HER OLD ENEMY—WATER:



IJMUIDEN, AMSTERDAM'S DIRECT LINK WITH THE NORTH SEA—A STRATEGIC PORT OF GREAT IMPORTANCE: LOCKS ON THE NOORDZEKANAAL.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF AMSTERDAM, LOOKING WESTWARD TO THE NORTH SEA, TO WHICH HOLLAND'S ECONOMIC CENTRE IS CONNECTED BY THE GREAT NOORDZEKANAAL.



A STRETCH OF THE YSEL RIVER, THE FIRST LINE OF DUTCH DEFENCE, SHOWING MUD-FLATS AND BUILT-UP DYKES CARRYING RIVERSIDE ROADS; NOW BACKED IN MANY PLACES BY CONCRETE PILL-BOXES.

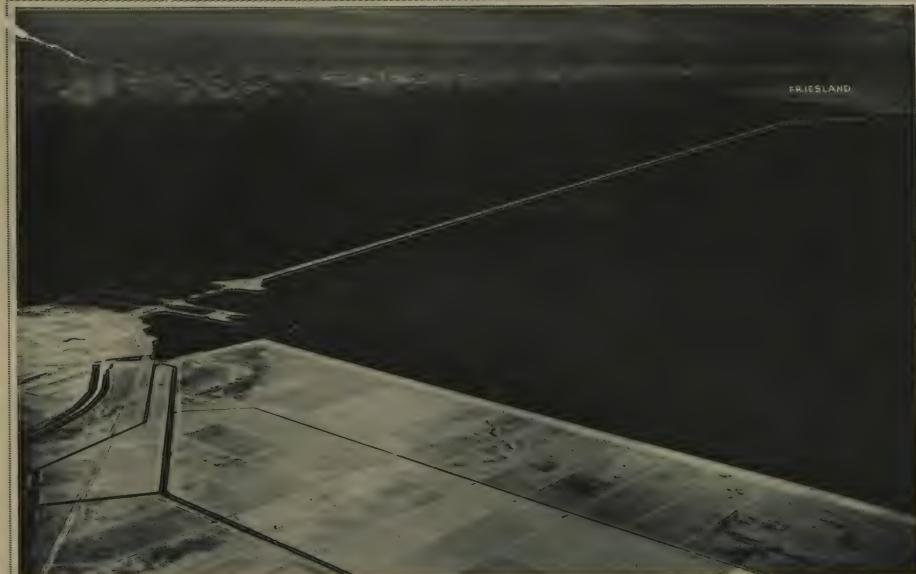


UTRECHT: THE HISTORIC DUTCH CITY WHICH IS NOW A KEY-POINT IN THE CENTRE OF THE "NEW DUTCH WATER LINE"—AN IMMENSE INUNDATION SYSTEM.



NAARDEN, WHICH LIES ON THE EDGE OF THE "NEW DUTCH WATER LINE" AND THE ZUIDER ZEE: A BEAUTIFULLY PRESERVED VAUBAN-TYPE FORTRESS WITH A ZIG-ZAG MOAT.

AIR VIEWS OF INUNDATION AREAS AND STRATEGIC POINTS.



WHERE THE MOSAIC DISASTER TO PHARAOH'S TROOPS MIGHT OVERTAKE INVADERS TRYING TO CROSS: THE MAIN DYKE DIVIDING THE WADDEN ZEE FROM THE ZUIDER ZEE (RENAMED "YSSELMEER")—A DIRECT LINK BETWEEN AMSTERDAM AND FRIESLAND, A PROVINCE WHICH WOULD PROBABLY BE ONLY PERFUNCTORIALLY DEFENDED.



A SECTION OF THE MAAS CONNECTED WITH THE "ZUIDER WATER LINE"—A SYSTEM OF INUNDATIONS RUNNING NORTHWARDS FROM THE GREAT RIVERS. NEW CUTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO SHORTEN THE RIVER'S MEANDERS, PRODUCING A MAZE OF CHANNELS CONSTITUTING A SERIOUS OBSTACLE, EVEN WITHOUT FLOODING.

AS far back as the issue of Nov. 4 I wrote of the German threat to Holland. No excuse is needed for returning to the subject, which has since then been thrust further into the foreground. The sudden secret visit of King Leopold of Belgium to Queen Wilhelmina of Holland was obviously caused by a sense of pressing danger. The proposals for peace which resulted from it are dignified, sincere and worthy of the two sovereigns who put them forward; but they are obviously in part dictated by the horrors of the alternative which, in their view, lies before their respective countries. That is not to the discredit of King Leopold or Queen Wilhelmina; far from it, indeed. Yet the proposals are not hopeful. We desire peace eagerly; so does France. It is difficult to conceive, however, that Hitler will submit at this stage to what must surely be our minimum terms: the restoration of ethnic Poland and of the Czech State, with the independence of Austria and Slovakia, if such is their desire.

Some commentators upon the possibility of a German invasion of the Low Countries appear to me to have muddled the issue. An entry into Holland alone and a simultaneous entry into Holland and

THE WAR WITH NAZI GERMANY: THE THREAT TO THE LOW COUNTRIES.

By CYRIL FALLS.

say, she will not invade Belgium while the ground is in its present condition. Nor is this condition likely to improve greatly before the spring unless there should be a long and hard frost, which is not very probable this side of Christmas. There is, however, one qualification to this statement. If the German Command has worked out some special technique which it considers capable of overwhelming the defence by surprise, then indeed it might risk an *attaque brusque* rather than sit down for the winter and prepare for the great spring offensive, as it is confidently believed to have advised Hitler was the better course.

That thought sets me trying to puzzle out whether any such technique be possible, and, if so, what may be its nature. I have gone through many methods in my mind and rejected them all; they would all be of service, but I cannot see that any of them, or any combination of them, would suffice. Yet before

in the world, beside whom those she possesses to-day are but pale shadows, as they are, too, by comparison with the scientists of Great Britain and of France. Moreover, "our German God" of the last war was unable to change the unaccommodating habit of Nature which sends the winds to blow from west to east nearly thrice as often as from east to west, and it is hardly to be expected that the Odin of the Nazis will have any better success in the attempt.

That a threat to Holland at least has existed for some time we can, I think, take for granted. But there is a possibility that it will not now develop. Let us go back for a moment to King Leopold's conference with Queen Wilhelmina. From it proceeded their proposals for peace, but it is obvious that this hasty visit was not made for that purpose only. It surely also implies a desire to establish a concerted policy between the two States in the face of danger. As I stated when dealing with this subject previously, Belgium is the key to the whole situation. If she makes common cause with Holland, if she declares that the violation of Holland's neutrality is an action which would constitute so grave a menace as to amount in effect to the violation of her own, perhaps



HOLLAND'S DEFENCES DO NOT CONSIST ENTIRELY IN INUNDATIONS; THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A MACHINE-GUN POST WITH A REINFORCED CONCRETE CUPOLA REMINISCENT OF WORKS ON THE MAGINOT LINE. (S. and G.)

Belgium are two entirely different projects, with utterly diverse strategic objects. Germany might demand air bases in Holland and threaten to come in and secure them if they were refused, hoping the while that Belgium would take no action. If Belgium stood by and watched, Hitler might consider that the only counter-offensive in the power of the Allies to launch against his troops in Holland would be from the air. If Hitler's main and immediate object is to obtain advanced aerodromes for the raiding of these shores, then it is Holland and Holland alone that stands in danger at this moment, though Belgium's turn might and probably would come later.

A simultaneous invasion of Holland and Belgium, on the other hand, might also have air bases in view, but only as a purely secondary goal. Its main object would be to turn the left wing of the Allied Armies in France. It would, in a word, constitute the great offensive on the Western Front of which we talked for the first two months of warfare and which we had of late begun to think highly improbable before the spring, owing to the recent wet weather. There is no possibility in this case of Germany carrying out an isolated campaign. Directly her troops set foot on Belgian soil, French and British troops would move to meet them, and a great battle would follow. Is that what Germany desires? To me it seems barely credible. The defensive, when provided with modern weapons, is extremely strong in any event nowadays; in winter weather its strength is very greatly increased. In such conditions, if a crater is blown in a road and vehicles have to make their way round it, a morass may be created in half an hour. Moreover, Germany would be tackling the united strength of Belgium and Holland, upwards of forty divisions, plus the comparatively small but magnificently armed British Expeditionary Force, plus a French force whose strength I do not pretend to be able to estimate, plus fortifications, demolitions and inundations. I trust my reminder that I write five days before publication has not become wearisome by iteration and that it still covers some possible weakness in prophecy. Yet I make bold to write once more that in my view Germany will not bring on such a battle—that is to



A DUTCH MOBILE PILL-BOX: A HEAVILY CONSTRUCTED CUPOLA WHICH CAN BE TRANSPORTED TO ANY POINT THAT IT IS DESIRED TO PROTECT; HERE SEEN HOUSING A LIGHT ANTI-TANK GUN. (S. and G.)



WITH THE DUTCH ARMY, WHICH HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO A HIGH STATE OF PREPAREDNESS IN FACE OF MENACING MOVES BY GERMANY: A MACHINE-GUN CREW AT EXERCISES; SHOWING DETAILS OF THE MEN'S EQUIPMENT.

The Dutch Army is a very different proposition from what it was in 1914, or even a few years ago. As "The Times" Amsterdam correspondent remarked: "The morale of the army is now supported by the conviction in all ranks that the equipment is perfect and that the period of muddling is over." (Keystone.)

I turn aside the last, I am compelled to pause. The last is gas. If the German Army should possess some form of gas which it considers to be especially efficient in quality and persistent in type, then, again, it might risk the gambler's throw. A gambler's throw in truth it would be. It was that when Germany risked it in 1915, and on the whole it probably cost her more loss than it inflicted upon her enemies. And in 1915 she had at her disposal the best chemists

if she merely appears to be concerting measures of defence with Holland, then the whole situation is altered from Germany's point of view. It will then be apparent to her that there is no half-way house, no limited objective after the pattern of Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, and that she must either hold her hand and respect Dutch neutrality or embark upon the full programme of an unlimited offensive and fight a series of great battles in the mud. That prospect, as I have already suggested, may well induce her to pause.

Is it not easily conceivable that the supreme exponent of blustering bluff, Herr von Ribbentrop, has been experimenting with the methods recently practised by Stalin and Molotov in the Baltic? He has always shown himself clumsy in technique, and he may not have taken into account the essential difference between threatening the little Baltic republics, weak, isolated, without warlike industries, without ports upon shores lying open to the uncontrolled commerce of the world, and applying the same measures to two modern States possessing far superior resources and means of defence, close to powerful neighbours prepared to succour them if called upon, with great ports which are the termini of some of the most vital trade routes of the world. I am beginning to believe that we have been witnessing yet another exhibition of the Nazi method of boundless threats, but considerable prudence in the choice of the victim when it comes to the point of executing them.

After all, if Germany has a good deal to gain from banditry practised upon an inoffensive neighbour, she has also much to lose. At present she is obtaining at least a fair half of the Dutch agricultural and other exports in the way of honest, normal trade. All this would go by the board in the event of an invasion, because the winter feeding for livestock and the manures on which agriculture in Holland depends for its existence would be cut off. The *entrepot* trade would, needless to say, cease. The moral effect would be disastrous. No excuses which have been put forward for previous acts of aggression could be produced again, even by the kindest or the most pro-Nazi foreign critics, to justify an action of this sort. No; I may be making a mistake, but for my own part I believe that Herr von Ribbentrop must think yet again.

THE FIRTH OF FORTH RAID: A GERMAN AIR PHOTOGRAPH.



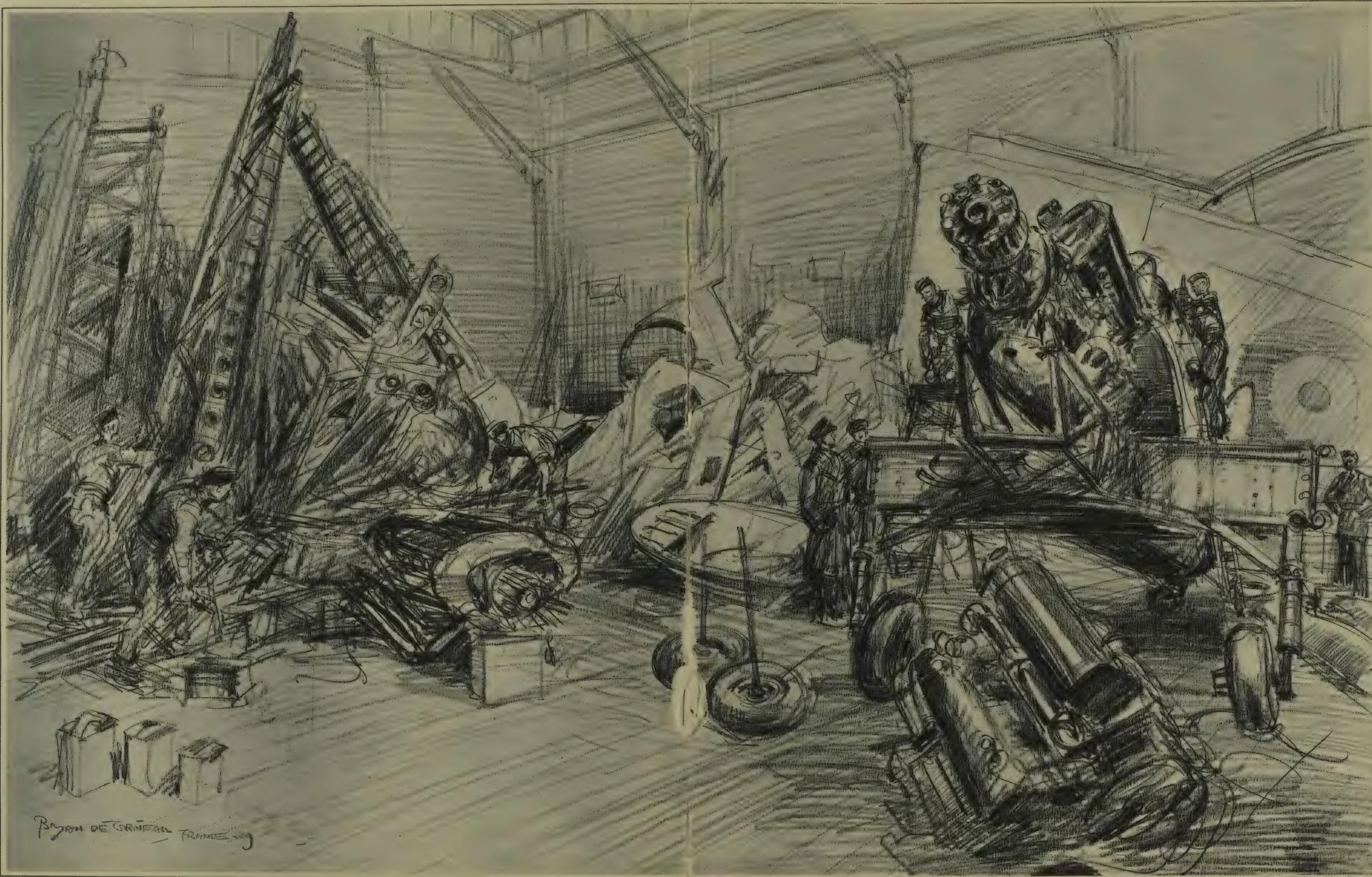
A PHOTOGRAPH, STATED TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY A NAZI AIRMAN, OF THE ATTACK ON THE FIRTH OF FORTH ON OCTOBER 16; SHOWING IN THE FOREGROUND H.M.S. "SOUTHAMPTON" AND "EDINBURGH," AND THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "FURIOUS."

The explanation of this photograph of the raid on the Firth of Forth on October 16, as printed with the original reproduction in a Berlin periodical, declares that it is an authentic picture of the raid taken from a German long-distance machine "in despite of enemy anti-aircraft fire." As illustrated and described in our issue of October 28, the raiders apparently flew over Haddington and Edinburgh at a height of 20,000 ft.; then, turning round, glided down as low in some cases as 300 ft. As will be noticed from the fall of the bridge shadows, this

photograph substantiates their statement that they thus kept the sun behind them with the intention of dazzling the anti-aircraft gunners on the ships and ashore. A whitish puff, perhaps A.-A. gunfire, can be seen in the upper left-hand corner of the photograph. The warships are stated by the German description to be light cruisers, including H.M.S. "Southampton" and "Edinburgh," and (nearest left of photograph) the aircraft-carrier "Furious." The island of Inchgarvie is seen in the middle of the Firth, beneath the centre span of the bridge. (A.P.)

AN AEROPLANE "HOSPITAL," WHERE BATTERED CRAFT ARE REASSEMBLED FOR THE AIR—AN R.A.F. SALVAGE STORE.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



"MY ASHES, AS THE PHOENIX, SHALL BRING FORTH A BIRD THAT WILL REVENGE...": A BATTLE-SCARRED FIGHTER

On these pages we reproduce a drawing sent us by our special correspondent in France, Captain Bryan de Grineau, showing one of the R.A.F. salvage stores behind the lines. In these stores the wrecked 'planes are rendered once more capable of taking the air. Of his visit, Captain de Grineau writes: "From out of the spars and wings and frames stacked up around the interior of a factory a crashed fighting 'plane again takes shape. . . . The rather melancholy

"PLANE RISING ANEW AMID THE WRECKAGE AROUND IT, AS IT IS ASSEMBLED IN AN R.A.F. SALVAGE STORE.

sight of wrecked engines and other parts vanishes from one's mind when one sees a fighting machine, despite its battle scars, proudly towering amid the ruin around its base as it is assembled by the R.A.F. experts." This branch of the R.A.F. service comes under the direct control of Lord Nuffield, recently appointed Director-General of Maintenance in the Air Ministry. Lord Nuffield's special care is the repair of aircraft and accessories for the R.A.F.

THE BRITISH FRONT—ARTILLERY “OH PIPS”; AND “PASTORAL CAMOUFLAGE.”

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR “THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS” BY CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS SEEN IN ACTION FROM ARTILLERY OBSERVATION POSTS (“OH PIPS”) AT A STRONG SECTOR OF THE BRITISH FRONT—SHOWING A NAZI ‘PLANE WITH THE CHARACTERISTIC WOOLLY PUFFS OF THE “ARCHIES” BURSTING AROUND IT.



THE ART OF “PASTORAL CAMOUFLAGE”—A BRITISH HEAVY HOWITZER ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A FRENCH VILLAGE, THE GUN MERGING PERFECTLY INTO ITS SURROUNDINGS—EVEN SUCH DETAILS AS THE VILLAGE WASHING BEING NOT OVERLOOKED, AND BLENDED INTO THE SCHEME.

The British front defence sectors, thanks to weeks of hard work, have finally been strengthened to the point that they are now transformed from an incomplete secondary line into a well-fortified battle position. Above we reproduce two drawings from our special war artist in France, Captain Bryan de Grineau, showing different aspects of this modern battle line—above, an artillery observation post at a strong point and, below, a heavy howitzer in position on the outskirts of a village. This last admirably

illustrates the art of “pastoral camouflage,” as Captain de Grineau terms it, the gun being almost indistinguishable from its surroundings—completely so to an aeroplane making a reconnaissance flight. Many extra batteries have recently been placed in position on camouflaged sites and in concealed pits. At the same time, other defensive measures have been taken—such as additional tank traps, and new trenches protected by thick belts of barbed wire.



SHOT DOWN IN FRANCE BY A YOUNG NEW ZEALAND PILOT-OFFICER 27,000 FT. UP: THE WRECKAGE OF A DORNIER "FLYING PENCIL" BOMBER.

This wrecked Dornier "Flying Pencil" bomber was brought down by a young New Zealand pilot-officer on November 8, after an aerial duel 27,000 ft. up. The Dornier was diving for a bank of cloud, far below; on his tail swooped the R.A.F. plane at about 400 m.p.h. Then—perhaps the German pilot was killed by the British fire—the Dornier, with its crew of three, suddenly hurtled to destruction, and crashed on to the village road at a speed of what must have been nearly 600 m.p.h. (Photo., British Paramount News.)

THE WAR BY SEA AND LAND: DEBITS AND CREDITS ON THE ALLIES' "ACCOUNT."



U.S. 'PLANES FOR ENGLAND, FOLLOWING THE REPEAL OF THE ARMS EMBARGO—MACHINES, DISMANTLED AND HOISTED ON TO BARGES AT NEW YORK.

Following the repeal of the Arms Embargo, belligerents are allowed to take munitions of war out of the U.S.A. in their own ships; which, in effect, means that the Western Allies may profit by the great development of the American aircraft industry while the Nazis may not, since the Allies have command of the sea. This photograph shows dismantled machines being loaded at the Floyd Bennett Field in New York. (A.P.)



THE BRITISH SUBMARINE "OXLEY," WHOSE DESTRUCTION BY "AN ACCIDENTAL EXPLOSION" CAUSED THE DEATHS OF SOME FIFTY OFFICERS AND MEN.

The loss of the British submarine "Oxley" involved the deaths of all the crew—some fifty men in all. Mr. Churchill announced in the House on November 8 that the "Oxley" was "destroyed by an accidental explosion in circumstances which made its publication inadvisable at the time." The "Oxley" (1354 tons) belonged to the "Oberon" class and was completed for the Royal Australian Navy in 1927, being presented to the Royal Navy in 1931. (Wright and Logan.)



ITS "HORNS" REMOVED, AND THUS RENDERED INNOCUOUS—ONE OF THE GERMAN MINES WHICH HAVE BEEN WASHED UP ON THE DANISH COAST.

As we go to press, German mines have claimed their first British naval victim: a destroyer. The casualties are reported as one dead and six missing. Above we show one of the German mines which have been washed up in hundreds on the Danish coast being hauled by soldiers to a waiting lorry for transport to the Danish Navy mine station. Before moving a mine, the "horns"—the "trigger" which explodes the mine—are removed. (Central Press.)



ENGINEERS TRANSPORTING A LORRY ON PONTOONS DRIVEN BY AN OUTBOARD MOTOR—ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE THOUGHT DEVOTED TO THE DETAILS OF THE B.E.F.'S EQUIPMENT.

The British Army is now reckoned as the most elaborately equipped in the world. Particularly is this true of the Engineers, who are provided with numbers of new "gadgets," such as pneumatic shovels and drills, to speed their work. Here are seen sappers, to whom their thigh-boots, life-jackets, and the "Admiralty pattern" anchor on the pontoon lend a certain nautical air, ferrying a lorry across a water-way by means of pontoons propelled by an outboard motor. (L.N.A.)



WATCHING N.Z. RECRUTS IN ENGLAND WITH AN ANTI-TANK GUN: THE NEW ZEALAND DEPUTY PREMIER, MR. FRASER, AND THE HIGH COMMISSIONER, MR. JORDAN.

As we write, the Commonwealth Ministers representing Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and India, are visiting France and the sectors on the Western Front. Above we show Mr. P. Fraser, Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand, before his departure, watching, with the N.Z. High Commissioner, New Zealand recruits in England with a quick-firing anti-tank gun. The High Commissioner is seen behind the gun's barrel; beside him is Mr. Fraser. (S. and G.)

"L'ALLEMAGNE JOYEUSE" WELCOMES TOURISTS:
AN EMPTY AND DEPRESSED BERLIN DESPITE PROPAGANDA CLAIMS.



USUALLY PACKED WITH PASSING CARS: THE OST-WEST ACHE, A MAGNIFICENT NEW STREET, BETWEEN THE TIERGARTEN AND THE SIEGES-SÄULE.



"THE GAY LIFE OF BERLIN STILL CARRIES ON" — ACCORDING TO NAZI BROADCASTS!
THE DESERTED PARISER-PLATZ, SHOWING (IN BACKGROUND) THE BRANDENBURGER TOR.



THE POTSDAMER-PLATZ, TRAFFIC CENTRE OF BERLIN, "JAMMED WITH CARS, BUSINESS LIFE AS USUAL, THE GAY PEOPLE STROLLING ALONG, HAPPY AND CONTENT!"



THE WILHELMSTRASSE IN WARTIME: THE NAZI "WHITEHALL," APPARENTLY NO LONGER A CENTRE OF OFFICIAL ACTIVITY, SHOWING (CENTRE) THE BRITISH EMBASSY.



A HORSE-CAB VAINLY AWAITED A FARE IN THE FORMERLY FASHIONABLE UNTER DEN LINDEN: ONE OF THE "GAY" SIGHTS TO BE SEEN BY FOREIGN TOURISTS WHO VISIT THE CAPITAL IN WARTIME.



A BUSINESS CLOSED BY THE ROYAL NAVY: PEDESTRIANS EXAMINING A MAP BEARING THE NOTICE "WHERE DO WE STAND TO-DAY?" AT THE OFFICES OF THE NORD-DEUTSCHER-LLOYD SHIPPING LINE.

The Nazi Government, by means of pamphlets and radio talks, has been trying to induce foreign tourists to visit Germany, presumably with the object of acquiring foreign currency to facilitate purchases abroad. In a recent broadcast State Secretary Esser declared that sleeping- and dining-cars were still attached to long-distance trains, all of which were running on time, and that an ample supply of food had been set aside for tourists. "Theatres, cinemas, and restaurants are open as usual."

he said, and then stated that Germany was the only country in Europe where the cost of living had not gone up. This propaganda campaign has been most intense in Belgium, where a prospectus was circulated inviting Belgians to make holiday tours in Germany—described as "L'Allemagne Joyeuse." The photographs shown above were taken in the German capital recently by a Danish photographer and they certainly throw a very different light on the "gaiety" of Berlin in wartime.

HITLER MISSES DEATH BY 15 MINUTES: THE MUNICH BOMB EXPLOSION.



WHERE HITLER WAS NEARLY ASSASSINATED: THE WRECKAGE IN THE MUNICH BÜRGERBRÄUKELLER AFTER THE BOMB EXPLOSION WHICH OCCURRED 15 MINUTES AFTER HE HAD LEFT THE BUILDING, DURING THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS OF THE 1923 PUTSCH, ON NOVEMBER 8.



THE BÜRGERBRÄU BUILDING AFTER THE EXPLOSION. THE ROOF COLLAPSED—INDICATING THE GREAT FORCE OF THE BOMB, WHICH WAS VERY CAREFULLY PLACED.



IN THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE ROOF FELL IN: HITLER SPEAKING IN THE BÜRGERBRÄUKELLER IN MUNICH AT THE 1936 CELEBRATIONS (WHEN HE WARNED GERMANY TO "PREPARE FOR THE COMING STRUGGLE AGAINST BOLSHEVISM"!).

Eight persons were said to have lost their lives, including two members of Hitler's personal bodyguard, and sixty-three to have been injured by the explosion of a time-bomb in the Bürgerbräukeller in Munich on November 8 during celebrations, at which Herr Hitler and other Nazi leaders were present, of the sixteenth anniversary of the abortive 1923 *putsch*. It was a pure chance, due to the fact that Hitler was anxious to return to Berlin as early as possible, that he was not in the hall when the explosion took place. On previous occasions, such as the 1936 celebrations—of which an illustration is given above—he had been in the habit

of beginning his speech about 8.30 and speaking for about an hour and a half. But on November 8, after arriving at the hall—and despite an announcement that Herr Hess would speak in his stead—he began earlier than usual and spoke for less than an hour. Rewards totalling £45,000 were offered for the discovery of the perpetrators—the instigation of which was, of course, immediately attributed to the British Intelligence Service—and hundreds of arrests were made. Neutral observers found the best explanation of this extremely well-laid plot in dissensions in the Nazi party itself. (Photographs by A.P. and Keystone.)

ARMISTICE DAY IN LONDON: REMEMBRANCE—IN SPITE OF WAR.



LEADERS OF THE THREE SERVICES HONOUR THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO PURCHASED VICTORY IN THE LAST WAR WITH THEIR LIVES, AT THE CENOTAPH ON ARMISTICE DAY: ADMIRAL SIR DUDLEY POUND, GENERAL SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE, AND AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR CYRIL NEWALL LAYING WREATHS.

DESPITE the absence of official ceremonial, Armistice Day and the Two Minutes Silence were observed all over Britain and the Empire, in France and at the Western Front. Special services were held in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and Westminster Cathedral. The King was not present at the Cenotaph in Whitehall, their Majesties remaining in Buckingham Palace, where they listened to the Abbey service broadcast. The Queen broadcast to the women of the Empire from Buckingham Palace on Armistice night. Sitting alone in the small room on the first floor of the Palace, from which the King made his broadcast on the first day of the war, her Majesty spoke for eight minutes. "Even in other days," the Queen said, "when war was an affair of the fighting forces only, wives and mothers suffered constant anxiety for their dear ones, and too often the misery of bereavement. . . . Now all this is changed, for we, no less than men, have real and vital work to do. To us also is given the proud privilege of serving our country in her hour of need."

Photographs by Topical, C.P., A.I.C., Official, Fox, and "The Times"



THE QUEEN'S BROADCAST TO THE WOMEN OF THE EMPIRE ON ARMISTICE DAY: HER MAJESTY BEFORE THE MICROPHONE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE—IN THE SAME ROOM AS THE KING BROADCAST FROM ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WAR.



THE SILENCE OBSERVED "UNOFFICIALLY" IN LONDON: THE SCENE IN WHITEHALL, WHERE A WREATH WAS LAID AT THE CENOTAPH ON BEHALF OF THE KING.



AT THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: AN ARMISTICE DAY SERVICE WHICH WAS BROADCAST, THEIR MAJESTIES HEARING IT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

A ROYAL MOTHER VISITS "EVACUEES": THE QUEEN AT HORSTED KEYNES.



THE QUEEN WITH EVACUATED CHILDREN FROM BATTERSEA—A LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS PLAYING "MOTHER" OBEYS HER MAJESTY'S INJUNCTION TO WASH BEHIND BABY'S EARS.

The Queen's visit of November 8 to the evacuated children at Horsted Keynes, a small Sussex village near Haywards Heath, was entirely unexpected by both children and staff. Her Majesty had asked to be shown a typical evacuation area, and the authorities selected Horsted Keynes, where there are 140 Battersea children, with ten teachers, and two head teachers. The Queen was received by Lord De La Warr, President of the Board of Education, and was taken to the village hall, the "school" of the three-to-seven-year-olds. Here the children were

playing "Mothers." Going up to one four-year-old girl, named Shirley, the Queen told her not to forget to wash her baby doll behind the ears. "Oh, yes," replied Shirley, and began to scrub the ears—a scene appearing above. Next her Majesty visited a large hut placed at the disposal of the older boys. The Queen saw the boys doing physical exercises; then she visited allotments where they were gardening, and later saw them having their midday meal. At the village school her Majesty was met by a percussion band of young children. (P.N.A.)

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE: PERSONALITIES AND NOTABLE OCCASIONS.

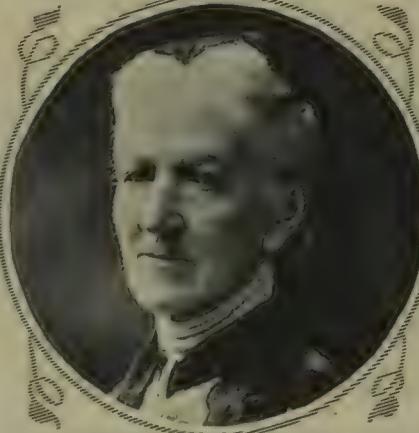


DR. HEINRICH NEUMANN.

The Viennese car specialist. Died in New York on November 7. A Jew, Dr. Neumann, despite his world-wide reputation (among other famous patients he numbered the Duke of Windsor), and despite his distinguished war services, was forced to leave Vienna after the Anschluss.



A U.S. MINISTER CONCERNED WITH THE "CITY OF FLINT": MRS. HARRIMAN. Mrs. Florence Borden Harriman, the United States Minister to Norway, engaged in the complicated negotiations in connection with the "City of Flint," the American freighter which has had such an eventful career.



SUFFRAGIST LEADER AND SOCIAL

WORKER: THE LATE MRS. DESPARD. Died on November 10, aged ninety-five. A famous suffragist leader, Mrs. Despard also did much social work; and even when ninety-one addressed an anti-Nazi meeting in Hyde Park. She was the sister of the Earl of Ypres.



HON. ROBERT LYTTELTON.

The authority on cricket. Died on November 7, aged eighty-five. His death removed the last but one of a group of brothers famous for their cricketing prowess. A skilful writer, "Bob" Lyttelton's account of the University match at Lord's in 1870 was included in the Oxford Book of English Prose.



THE DUTCH AND BELGIAN RULERS WHOSE PEACE APPEAL EVOKED CLEAR STATEMENTS FROM THE ALLIES AND A PROMISE OF HITLER'S "CAREFUL CONSIDERATION."

King Leopold of Belgium paid a surprise visit to the Queen of Holland at The Hague on November 6, when the two Sovereigns decided to renew their earlier offer of mediation. Telegrams signed "Wilhelmina" and "Leopold," and declaring that "as Sovereigns of two neutral States, having good relations with all their neighbours, we are ready to offer them our good offices," were despatched the following day to King George, President Lebrun, and Herr Hitler. Our photograph was taken at The Hague.



MR. CHURCHILL'S VISIT TO PARIS AND THE BRITISH G.H.Q.: THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY WITH GENERAL LORD GORT.

Mr. Churchill paid a flying visit to British General Headquarters on November 5, and in the above photograph he is seen with General Lord Gort, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force, with whom he took luncheon. The chief purpose of his visit was to confer in Paris with Chiefs of the French Navy on the safe transport of American war material. On November 12 he broadcast a stimulating speech comprising a review of the war.



THE LORD MAYOR'S LUNCHEON AT THE MANSION HOUSE HELD ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY—

SHORN OF USUAL PAGEANTRY—IN PLACE OF THE CUSTOMARY GUILDHALL BANQUET. On Lord Mayor's Day, in place of the customary banquet at the Guildhall, a luncheon, held with a ceremonial appropriate to wartime, was given at the Mansion House. Owing to a sharp attack of gout, the Prime Minister was prevented from attending, and his speech was read by Sir John Simon, here seen on the right of the retiring Lord Mayor, Sir Frank Bowater. Although there was no show in the traditional manner, the new Lord Mayor perambulated his own ward and those of the sheriffs.



THE POLISH PREMIER VISITS ENGLAND: GENERAL SIKORSKI MET

BY THE POLISH AMBASSADOR, COUNT RACZYŃSKI, AT CROYDON. General Władysław Sikorski, Prime Minister of Poland, arrived in London by air on an official visit on November 14. General Sikorski held conversations with Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Halifax, and other members of the British Government, and the King also arranged to receive him in audience. General Sikorski was met by Count Raczyński.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

AMONG the "minor horrors of war" most of us would, I think, include rationing, whether this be of petrol or of food. Nevertheless, these "horrors" must be faced squarely and uncomplainingly, lest worse befall us. For we are fighting for our freedom, and without this life is no more worth living. If we do not value this, then away with rationing. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!

We all talk of pouring oil on troubled waters. But I wonder how many of us have ever realised the need of pouring oil into hungry stomachs! Yet in one form or another we are constantly doing this. Some are animal and some are vegetable oils—mostly the latter. Besides this, however, we are dependent on these various kinds of oil, though unheedingly, at every turn of our daily lives. Our soap and candles, the paint on our walls, to say nothing of our pictures, our boots and shoes, are all dependent for their existence on oil. And machinery of every description must have oil or cease to function.

It would be quite impossible on a single page to set down all the sources and the means of preparing these various kinds of oil. I must content myself with a brief sketch of some of the more important vegetable oils we use directly or indirectly as food. Yet others of this category I propose to say something about in the near future, before I touch upon animal oils and fats, which are equally important, whether as food or for other uses.

Let me begin with the source of our "grateful and comforting" cocoa (*Theobroma cacao*). From the seeds or "beans" extracted from their pods (Fig. 1), cocoa and chocolate are prepared. After extraction the beans are subjected to a process of fermentation. But if the natural, bitter flavour is required, this fermentation is omitted. "Cocoa-butter," a rich fat, is extracted by pressure, and the rest dried and ground to make cocoa. The husks make

THE MINOR HORRORS OF WAR.

nutritious cattle-food. Apart from its use in the manufacture of chocolate, cocoa-butter is also used in pharmacy and the preparation of perfumes. The world supply is about 150,000 tons per annum.

The most valuable of the edible oils is that obtained from the fruit of the olive (*Olea europaea*), which has a thick outer coat, known as the "flesh," enclosing the hard seed-kernel. All these parts contain oil, but the best is that obtained by crushing the "flesh" after the removal of the kernel, which is crushed separately, producing olive kernel oil. The "flesh" after the first crushing still contains about 20 per cent. of oil, so it is again passed through the press, yielding a "second quality" oil; and the residue is yet further

up most of the grains. By subjecting these germs or embryos to pressure, a rich golden-yellow oil is obtained. Indian corn contains the highest percentage of oil of any of the grain crops. Large quantities of the best quality of this oil are used in the United States by bakers for cakes and biscuits. From the inferior quality soap is made, and it is also used as an illuminant, while "maize meal" forms a valuable food for cattle and poultry.

One may well feel some surprise on being told that the seeds of the opium poppy (Fig. 2) contain nearly 50 per cent. of oil. This is extracted by pressure. The best quality is used as a salad oil, often mixed with olive oil. It is also used for burning, and making inferior soaps, while "cake" made from the residue forms a valuable cattle-food.

That mysterious product, "margarine"—which we are all, at the command of the Food Controller, presently to use as at least a partial substitute for butter—is made from the seeds of several very different kinds of plants—as, for instance, cocoanut oils, cotton-seed oil, Sesame oil, and soya-bean oil and *Arachis*, or "pea-nut" oil. It used to be said that it was made from Thames mud! It is a comfort to know that really it is made of wholesome materials.

The cotton-seed oil just referred to as one of the sources of margarine is made, as its name implies, from the seeds of some three or four of the many species of cotton plant (*Gossypium*), grown, for the most part, in the United States, Egypt and India. The "fruit," or "boll," bursts open when ripe (Fig. 3), exposing a white, fluffy mass—the cotton fibre—and the seeds are attached to these fibres after the manner of thistle or dandelion seeds. After the "boll" is gathered, the seeds are separated from the fibre, and yield, under pressure, and after refining and deodorising, one of the finest qualities of salad oil, and oil for tinned sardines. Lower grades are used in the manufacture of oil-cake for cattle, soap, paints, varnishes and linoleums.

The only rival of the cotton plant is the flax plant (*Linum usitatissimum*), of which there are two types. One is grown for the sake of its seeds for oil production—linseed oil—and the other for flax production. How great a part linseed oil plays in assuring our well-being is shown by the fact that Great Britain alone presses more than 520,000 tons of seed per annum, yielding at least 150,000 tons of oil! The edible linseed oil is obtained by "cold pressing"; other inferior qualities by "hot pressing."



FIG. 1. THE SOURCE OF OUR "GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING" COCOA (*THEOBROMA CACAO*): NATIVES OF CEYLON HUSKING COCOA-PODS WHICH, WHEN OPENED, REVEAL FIVE COMPARTMENTS, EACH CONTAINING A VERTICAL ROW OF TEN SEEDS FROM WHICH COCOA AND COCOA-BUTTER—A RICH FAT—are MADE; THE RESIDUE BEING CONVERTED INTO CATTLE-FOOD.

From the seeds, or "beans," extracted from the pods, cocoa and chocolate are prepared. After extraction the beans are subjected to a process of fermentation which, however, is omitted if the natural, bitter flavour is required.

Photograph by W. G. Kennings-Kilbourn.

treated with chemical solvents, the value of the oil repaying the cost of this expensive process. The inferior qualities are used for lubricating, and making soap. The world production of olives reaches the astonishing total of 700,000 tons per annum! Olive oil was one of the most highly prized of the oils in ancient Rome, and those who have tried the experiment of anointing themselves therewith, after the fashion of the Romans, can appreciate how perfectly it functions in place of our modern soaps.

Many of my readers, I venture to think, will be a little surprised to find that maize yields a very valuable supply of oil, yet such is the case. Maize oil is a by-product of the manufacture of starch from the "Indian corn" (*Zea mays*). For their extraction, the maize grains are steeped in a diluted solution of caustic soda. Then, by washing and sifting, the starch is washed through sieves, which retain the embryo, destined, in the natural course of events, to derive its nourishment and growth-force from the accumulated mass of starch which fills



FIG. 3. ONE OF THE SOURCES OF MARGARINE, WHICH IS OBTAINED FROM THE SEEDS OF SOME THREE OR FOUR OF THE MANY SPECIES OF COTTON PLANT (*GOSSYPIUM*) GROWN, FOR THE MOST PART, IN THE UNITED STATES, EGYPT AND INDIA.

The cotton plant furnishes not only the fibre for the cotton-spinner, but also one of the finest grades of salad oil, which is obtained from the seeds. The lower grades of this oil are used for "oil-cake" for cattle, as well as in the manufacture of soaps, paints and varnishes. From the seed-coat, which forms the covering or "boll" of the flower, fibre, cellulose, and a basis for explosives are made. (Photograph by Harold Bastin.)



FIG. 2. A FRAGILE FLOWER WHOSE SEEDS CONTAIN NEARLY FIFTY PER CENT. OF OIL, THE BEST QUALITY BEING USED AS A SALAD OIL, OFTEN MIXED WITH OLIVE OIL: THE OPIUM POPPY (*PAPAVER SOMNIFERUM*), WHICH ALSO FURNISHES OPIUM AND MORPHINE.

Inferior qualities of oil yielded by the opium poppy are used in soap-making, while from the unripe flower-head a milky juice is obtained which on hardening is made into opium and morphine. In the United States poppy-seeds are dusted over buns without harmful effect.

Photograph by Harold Bastin.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

FICITION week has come round again, and I now present the second "batch as it came to hand," for the benefit of novel-readers seeking what they may devour between black-out time and bed-time. For these occasions there is much to be said for a long and leisurely book which will last a deliberate reader for a good many evenings; one of those books which, perhaps, take a little time to "get into," but thereafter become gradually more and more engrossing until the end is reached with regret. Those who like realism and interplay of character in a domestic setting will enjoy a very beguiling example from America, namely, "*WICKFORD POINT*." By John P. Marquand (Robert Hale; 8s. 6d.). The author has a growing reputation in his own country, and last year he won the Pulitzer Prize with his previous

his friend, Joe Stowe (one of Bella's victims), both of them successful popular novelists in later days; Bella's brother Harry, a social climber rooted in snobbery; and Allen Southby, an intellectual snob who has won *réclame* with a learned volume and patronises his novelist friends. Then he attempts a novel himself (about life at Wickford Point, of which he knows nothing, except from literary sources!), and there are delicious interludes where he reads extracts from his manuscript to Jim and Joe, inviting their honest criticism. Sad to say, their comments are more complimentary than sincere. Eventually Allen visits Wickford Point (where Cousin Clothilde, who never can remember names, persists in calling him "Mr. Northby"), and there, while gushing over the authentic local colour, he reacts conventionally to the witcheries of Bella. Although an outsider to the domestic circle, Allen cannot be called a minor character, since he figures both at the beginning and the end of the book in scenes of significance. He is intended, I take it, to represent as a writer the contrast between academic erudition, ignorant of realities, and the creative originality of the novelist who draws direct from life and human nature. Possibly also he may typify the attitude of the cultured world towards a family distinguished for its literary antecedents, but, to those who know it from the inside, degenerated into stagnation and futility.

Mr. Marquand, so to speak, has brought a marooned remnant of Brills together in one isolated spot. As he himself puts it (through the mouth of Jim Calder): "I can see that Wickford Point was like a floating island that once had been solidly attached to the mainland. I can see it being severed from realities when I was still very young, and drifting off, a self-contained entity, into a misty sea. It was a land almost entirely sufficient unto itself, and governed by the untutored thoughts of women.... It is the same thing that was happening in other families and social groups cut off from the humdrum discipline of life. There were no real bread-winners left on the place to convey a healthy impression of economic necessity.... It was not a bad island either, as such places go, but dangerous for strangers if they chose to stay too long."



HOW SPIDERS ARE MADE TO "DO THEIR BIT": A MEMBER OF THE "PROTECTED INDUSTRY" OF BRITISH SPIDERS, PORTIONS OF WHOSE WEBS ARE USED FOR GRATICULATIONS ON THE LENSES OF ENGLISH-MADE BINOCULARS.

Who would imagine that spiders could help in the winning of victory? Yet, as this illustration proves, by weaving their webs across a frame, these industrious insects are "doing their bit" for the Allied cause. The webs supply threads whose combination of toughness and slenderness can be obtained in no other way, to provide very fine markings on the lenses of range-finders and similar instruments. (L.N.A.)

novel, "The Late George Apley." He now bids fair to extend his fame over here, for his new work has earned the Book Society's *imprimatur*, and was chosen by the *Daily Mail* as the Book of the Month for October.

Wickford Point, in Mr. Marquand's story, is the name of a secluded riverside estate in New England, the ancestral home of a family which lives mainly on the renown of an overrated poet ancestor, known as "the Wickford Sage," and thus regards itself as holding a place apart in American society by virtue of its traditions. The book portrays several generations of the Brill clan, through the eyes of Jim Calder, one of its later and more distant collaterals, who has nevertheless come to regard Wickford Point as his home. Jim is a young man of the world who has served in the Great War and travelled in China, and with this enlarged outlook can observe and criticise his relatives with candid detachment. He cannot escape the family influence, however, and after each effort in truancy (including an affair with a girl in New York) he inevitably gravitates back to the old house and its random ways.

In its latest developments, the family has deteriorated. There is enough trust money, remitted periodically to Cousin Clothilde (now head of the household) by the family lawyer in Boston, to keep herself, her two sons, her two daughters, and her second husband in shabby-genteel independence. They are a lazy, unpractical, happy-go-lucky, irresponsible crowd, constantly squabbling and getting in each other's way, and in general finding "mischief still for idle hands to do," yet withal possessing a certain liveliness that makes them good company. Clothilde's helpless amiability lends her a pathetic charm, while she and the rest provide abundant material for Mr. Marquand's delightful humour and irony.

The plot—if that term may be applied to such a rambling and discursive chronicle, continually doubling back on itself, like a film, to revive some bygone episode—turns chiefly on the amatory adventures of Clothilde's youngest daughter, Bella Brill, the beauty of the family. Bella is a modern young woman of the predatory type, fascinating but completely selfish, who captivates every man she meets, and does not scruple to steal lovers from her disloyal elder sister. Even Jim, who, having known Bella from childhood, is under no illusions about her motives, and often tells her candidly what he thinks of her, is not entirely immune from her provocative enticements.

Such is the main thread of a rather promiscuous love-story in the annals of Wickford Point. There is another element, interesting to scribes and bookmen, which bears on American University life, the art of fiction, and the relations of authors, editors and literary agents in the New York publishing world. We get a glimpse of pre-war (1914) life at Harvard, with four types of undergraduate—Jim and



DRILLING A "SAFE DEPOSIT" FOR SIX GRAMMES OF RADIUM, VALUED AT THIRTY TO FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS: WORKMEN SINKING A WELL 50 FT. DEEP UNDER THE THAMES GRAVEL AT WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.

A "safe deposit" 50 ft. deep is being drilled under Westminster Hospital for the hospital's valuable radium "bombs," which will be sunk there in a tube each night, and in the event of an air raid. The radium, which is protected at present in a similar "well" at the Royal Cancer Hospital, consists of six grammes, valued at between £30,000 and £40,000. (Fox.)

Mr. Marquand makes his people so palpably alive that one is almost tempted to disbelieve the customary self-protective note stating that "all the incidents and characters in this novel are entirely fictitious, and no reference is intended to any actual person, living or dead." Can it really be that Great Aunt Sarah and Cousin Sue, and the others already mentioned, are really figments of the author's imagination? It might be thought that a book like this, picturing a family, could be called an American counterpart to "The Forsyte Saga," but there is really no analogy between the two. Galsworthy takes us on a sporadic tour through Forsyte history, generation after generation.



A PRODUCT OF THE SCOTTISH MOORLANDS FOR USE IN BANDAGE DRESSINGS: GLASGOW WOMEN WAR WORKERS PICKING SPHAGNUM MOSS.

Sphagnum moss, a product of the Scottish (and also Welsh) moorlands, when picked is used in bandage dressings. In this photograph women volunteers, under the supervision of Mrs. R. A. M. Reid, of the Hospital Supplies Committee, are seen picking a large quantity of the moss at the Red Cross Central Depot in the Glasgow School of Art. The moss was used for similar purposes in the last war. (Fox.)

English middle-class family life, somewhere in the Home Counties, forms the background of "ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN." By Myfanwy Pryce (John Lane; 7s. 6d.). Although unlimited possibilities of stirring events seem to be suggested, actually nothing very tremendous does happen, and I thought that possibly the title might be a phrase used by one of the characters in a conversation. If so, I have missed it, despite a careful reading; but, after all, what's in a name, whether of a rose or a book? There is a good deal, however, in the particular Rose who plays lead in this domestic drama. Her problem—to wed or not to wed—is the crux of the story. The obstacle to the smooth course of true love is her unbalanced youngest sister, whom Rose feels she ought not to leave in charge of another, and not very competent, sister, after the sudden death of their widowed father. The alternative is to turn the home into a boarding-house, while the disconsolate swain seeks his fortune in Australia.

How it all turns out, of course, must not be disclosed. Suffice it to say that the personalities of the three sisters (from childhood onward), their father, a feckless aunt, sundry lovers, friends, paying guests, and servants are clearly drawn in a vein of quiet comedy. The dialogue descends occasionally to the level of tea-table or dressmaking trivialities, but the interest of the central theme is well maintained and worked up to a rational conclusion. In this book, too, as in "Wickford Point," there are allusions to the art of fiction. One of the P.G.s is a young woman novelist turned reactionary, "rounding things off, giving hero and heroine benefit of clergy, even having tags of poetry at the head of the chapters.... It's the only thing left to be, you see. I'm thinking [she adds] of starting a Reactionary Book Club."

In a sense, the dominant character is not Rose herself, but the abnormal sister on whose vagaries the whole situation depends. Etta, in fact, is one of those "borderland" cases of which we hear so much nowadays, and the author portrays her with insight and ability. Somewhere in one of his "Notebook" articles (contributed for so many years to *The Illustrated London News*), the late Mr. G. K. Chesterton, I remember, said something to the effect that almost every family has one unsatisfactory member who plays havoc with the general welfare. That is very true, as I know from personal observation, and at present the facilities for dealing with such cases, legally, medically or educationally, leave much room for improvement.

Yet another variety of domestic life—that of British families in India, mostly in military circles—is described in "NOT AT HOME." By Parr Cooper (Allen and Unwin; 8s. 6d.). This is a first novel, and one of considerable promise, I think, from a literary point of view, though how far it gives a true picture of Anglo-Indian society, or a section thereof, I cannot say, having never visited India.

Continued on page 760.

HETEP-HERES' GORGEOUS CURTAIN-BOX RESTORED AFTER 5000 YEARS.



THE JIG-SAW PUZZLE SOLVED BY THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS, AND READY FOR THE RESTORER : THE GOLD SHEET AND INLAYS OF THE "NORTHERN" END OF QUEEN HETEP-HERES' CURTAIN-BOX LAID ON A TRAY.



AFTER RESTORATION—THE "NORTHERN" END OF A BOX WHICH IS OLDER THAN THE GIZA PYRAMIDS : SHOWING KING SNEFERUW, THE DONOR, AND HUSBAND OF QUEEN HETEP-HERES, SEATED ON A THRONE.



THE BEAUTIFULLY INLAID LID OF QUEEN HETEP-HERES' CURTAIN-BOX RESTORED FROM THE FRAGMENTS FOUND IN THE STATE ILLUSTRATED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.



THE BOX RESTORED IN ALL ITS SPLENDOUR : AN AMAZING EXAMPLE OF THE SKILL OF AN EGYPTIAN CRAFTSMAN, HAGGI AHMED YUSEF, IN PIECING TOGETHER THE 5000-YEAR-OLD FRAGMENTS.



THE "SOUTHERN" END OF THE BOX, WITH THE TWO NAMES OF KING SNEFERUW INLAID. A NEW WOODEN BOX HAD TO BE MADE, AND THE FRAGMENTS RESET IN THEIR ORIGINAL POSITION.

The furniture found in Queen Hetep-Heres' secret tomb is the only example of royal furniture of the Fourth Dynasty (c. 3000 B.C.) which has survived. The tomb was in complete chaos when it was opened, and the reconstruction of the furniture presented one of the most extraordinary puzzles that can ever have been presented to archaeologists. They began by making a complete record of the débris, a record which took up 1701 pages of foolscap and necessitated the taking of 1057 photographs. The bed, chair, jewel-box and head-rest were completed by 1929. The wood of the bed was utterly decayed, making the task incredibly difficult. The canopy,

with its beautiful joiners' work, emerged fully reconstructed in 1932. In this case the wood had been destroyed by fungus, but now the canopy stands, a marvel of the joiners' and metal-workers' art, in the Cairo Museum. Last of all the pieces of furniture to be dealt with was the curtain-box illustrated here. This was the most difficult of all. When found the box was a heap of small pieces. The wood had been reduced to a coarse brown powder. Now this, too, has been restored by the patience and ingenuity of a modern Egyptian craftsman, as shown in these photographs. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. GEORGE A. REISNER.)

AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN'S CURTAIN-BOX RECONSTRUCTED FROM 5000 - YEAR - OLD DUST AND FRAGMENTS :

THE LAST PIECE OF FURNITURE FOUND IN QUEEN HETEP-HERES' TOMB APPEARS AGAIN IN ALL ITS SPLENDOUR, AFTER OVER TWO YEARS' PAINSTAKING LABOUR.

By DR. G. A. REISNER, Director of the Expedition of Harvard University and the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. (Photographs supplied by the Author.)

In the following article, the eminent Egyptologist Dr. George A. Reisner, Curator of Egyptian Art in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, U.S.A., Professor of Egyptology at Harvard University, and veteran Leader of the Harvard-Boston Expedition in Egypt, describes the remarkable reconstruction, by an Egyptian craftsman attached to the Cairo Museum, of a 5000-year-old curtain-box, found by the expedition, with other disintegrated articles of burial equipment, in the secret rock-tomb at Giza of Queen Hetep-heres fourteen years ago. It was the most difficult to restore. For this work, on the advice of Mr. A. Lucas, of the Cairo Museum, I selected Haggi Ahmed Yusef, who had done restorations for the Museum. On my request to the Ministry of Education, the Haggi was loaned to the Harvard-Boston Expedition, and worked in a workshop in the camp at the Pyramids. When the chamber was opened, on March 8, 1925, by Mr. Alan Rowe, this inlaid box was the first object of importance noted by Rowe, after the alabaster sarcophagus. By the working rules of the expedition, the chamber could not be entered until we were ready to proceed with the recording. Rowe, assisted by Professor Gunn, using binoculars, read the name of Seneferu formed by the inlays. This name indicated that the person buried in the tomb lived in the reign of Seneferu, and by its position the secret tomb must have belonged to a person related to Cheops. It was nearly a year

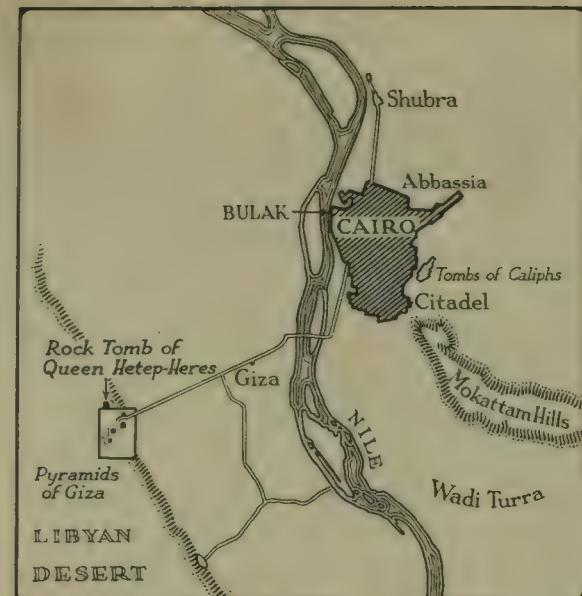
THE secret tomb of Queen Hetep-heres, the mother of Cheops, has been lying empty for twelve years, with only the chisel marks of the craftsmen of Cheops on its walls to show that the burial chamber was made by the hand of man. During these years, six pieces of the personal furniture of the Queen have been reconstructed and exhibited in the Cairo Museum, with the burial equipment found in the burial chamber. The carrying-chair, the armchair, and the jewel-box were restored by Mr. Will Stewart. The bed-canopy was reconstructed by Mr. Bernard Rice. On June 30, the sixth piece of furniture was delivered to the Cairo Museum, the curtain-box given to the Queen by her husband, Seneferu, together with the bed-canopy. Its reconstruction was the work of Haggi Ahmed Yusef, a craftsman in the service of the Cairo Museum.

These six pieces are the only examples of furniture used by members of the Royal Family of the Fourth Dynasty that have been preserved to this day. When the secret tomb was opened on March 8, 1925, the casing of the wooden furniture gave to the deposit a glitter of gold.

Now the six pieces exhibited in the Hetep-heres room in the Cairo Museum dominate the whole exhibit. The original wooden frames have shrunk or totally decayed in the five thousand years during which they were shut up in the chamber. The original wood has been replaced with new hardwood. The construction of new wooden frames was based partly on the gold casing with its details and partly on the mortices and tenons preserved in the shrunken parts of the original wooden frames. In the reconstruction of every piece, the restorer had at his disposal the record made by the staff in 1925-1927 of the

deposit in the burial chamber. This record consisted of 1701 pages of foolscap and 1057 photographs!

The last piece delivered to the Cairo Museum, the curtain-box, was the most difficult to restore. For this work, on the advice of Mr. A. Lucas, of the Cairo Museum, I selected Haggi Ahmed Yusef, who had done restorations for the Museum. On my request to the Ministry of Education, the Haggi was loaned to the Harvard-Boston Expedition, and worked in a workshop in the camp at the Pyramids. When the chamber was opened, on March 8, 1925, by Mr. Alan Rowe, this inlaid box was the first object of importance noted by Rowe, after the alabaster sarcophagus. By the working rules of the expedition, the chamber could not be entered until we were ready to proceed with the recording. Rowe, assisted by Professor Gunn, using binoculars, read the name of Seneferu formed by the inlays. This name indicated that the person buried in the tomb lived in the reign of Seneferu, and by its position the secret tomb must have belonged to a person related to Cheops. It was nearly a year



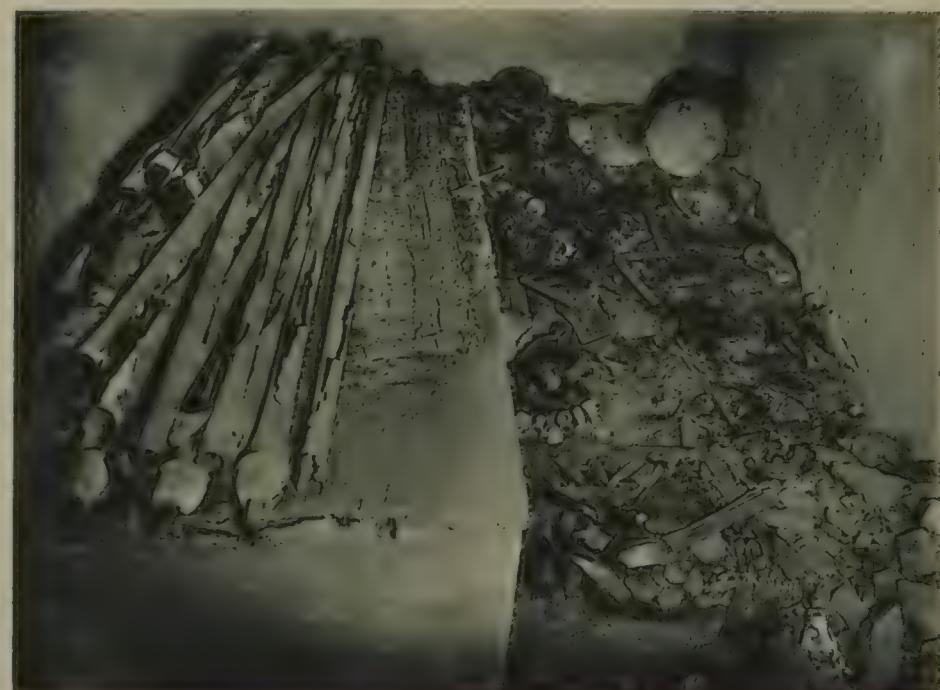
A MAP OF CAIRO AND GIZA, WITH AN INDICATION OF THE LOCALITY OF THE ROCK-TOMB OF QUEEN HETEP-HERES (c. 3000 B.C.).

later that we read the inscriptions in solid gold hieroglyphs on the carrying-chair, and identified the owner of the burial equipment as Hetep-heres, mother of Cheops, Queen of Seneferu and daughter of Huni, last king of the Third Dynasty.

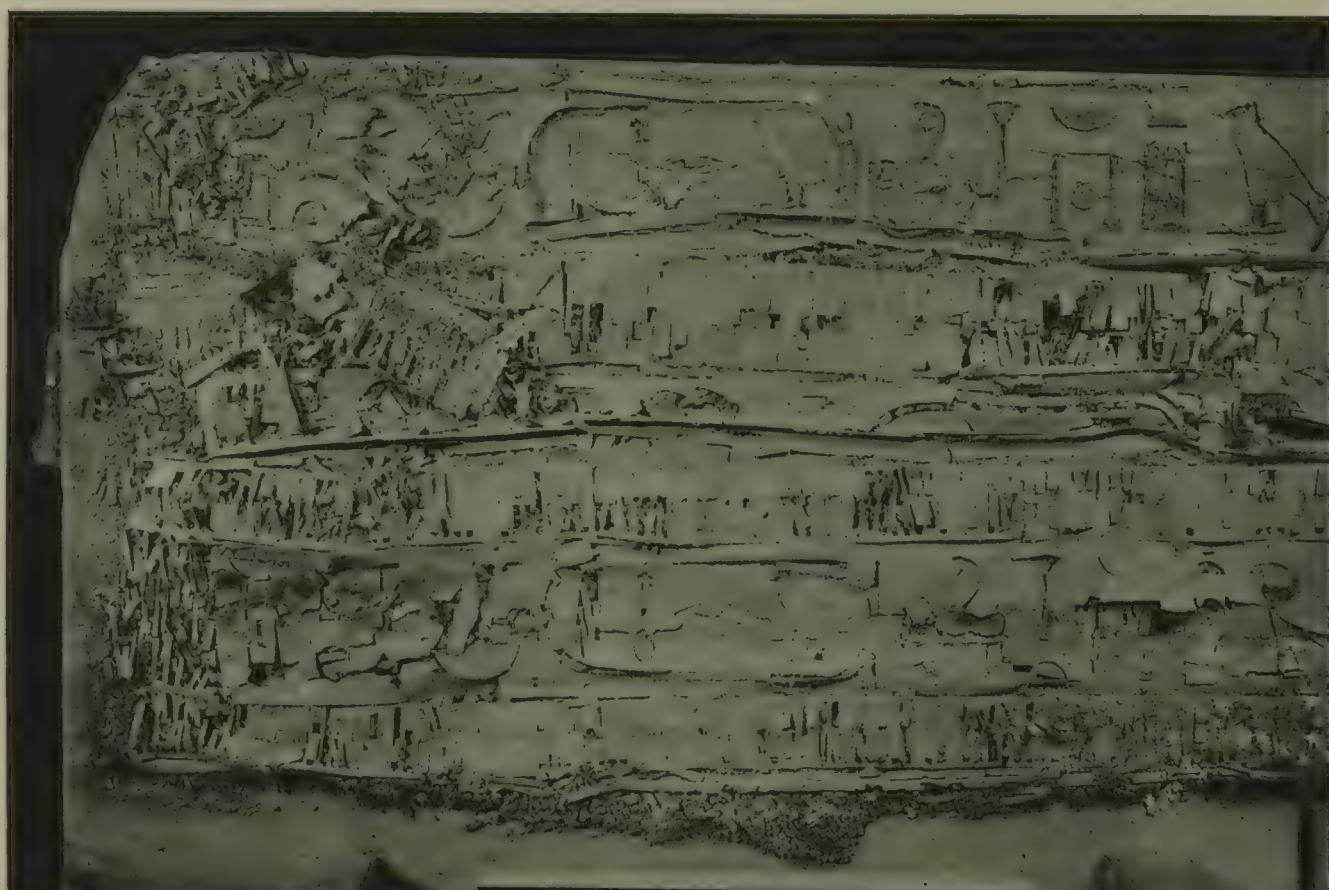
In arranging the original burial, the cemetery workmen had placed parts of the bed-canopy and the curtain-box on top of the alabaster coffin. But as we found the box, it had collapsed in such a way that the long inlaid surface, the two sides and the lid, lay one over the other. In process of removal and recording, each panel was drawn separately and placed on a tray by itself. Careful analysis of the fragments revealed that the box had originally been of wood coated with plaster, which was in turn covered with sheets of gold and silver set with faience inlays. The decorative patterns and the hieroglyphic signs of the royal titulary were formed by the faience inlays contrasting with the general background of gold, except for the area inside the cartouches and Horus frame of Seneferu, where the background is of silver.

Two years ago, the final reconstruction of the box was begun by Haggi Ahmed Yusef. He was given the trays on which were laid out the inlaid panels as taken from the tomb. A new wooden box, the same size as the original (length, 157.4 cm., width, 21.8 cm., height, 19.9 cm.), was constructed, and, with painstaking care, all the fragments were reset in their original position.

On June 30, 1939, the reproduction of the box was sent to the Cairo Museum to join the other pieces of the furniture and the burial equipment of the mother of Cheops which had been concealed in the secret tomb at Giza for nearly five thousand years.



HOW QUEEN HETEP-HERES' CURTAIN-BOX WAS FOUND IN HER SECRET TOMB: THE JUMBLE OF FRAGMENTS LYING ON THE TOP OF THE SARCOPHAGUS TO THE RIGHT OF THE POLES OF THE CANOPY, A CHAOS FROM WHICH THE RECONSTRUCTION ILLUSTRATED ON THIS AND THE PRECEDING PAGE WAS MADE—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1925.



WHAT THE RESTORERS WERE CONFRONTED WITH: A PART OF THE LID, WHICH HAD COLLAPSED, WITH THE TWO SIDES, SO THAT THEY LAY ONE OVER THE OTHER. IN PROCESS OF REMOVAL AND RECORDING EACH PANEL WAS DRAWN SEPARATELY AND LAID ON A TRAY BY ITSELF.

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THE MAN'S SHOP HARRODS

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

CONVERSATION with other motorists has brought home to me the fact that there is a considerable amount of dissatisfaction with the illumination of traffic signals. The argument against their present form sounds rather paradoxical, but it is actually quite logical. It is that the lights are too small to be seen properly in the daytime, and are too dazzling at night. Although they are certainly difficult to see in daylight, especially against a low winter sun,



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it is doubtful whether many accidents arise from this cause. One admittedly has to concentrate rather more attention on them than before, which automatically reduces the degree to which one can observe the surrounding traffic, but this drawback is more one of inconvenience than of danger.

At night-time, however, particularly on really dark, moonless nights, there is no gainsaying the risks attached to driving past lights in the green position at one's normal black-out speed.

There comes a moment when one receives the full glare of the lights in one's eyes and the roadway beyond the traffic signals becomes absolutely indistinguishable. A pedestrian who had omitted to see whether the road was clear or not, or who had misjudged the speed of your oncoming car, would inevitably be knocked down in these circumstances, for you would not see him until the very last minute.

There is a cure for all this, and it is one that would solve the daytime problem as well. The fault with traffic lights as they are at present is that they have only been reduced in size, and not in intensity. The result is that they are, in effect, spotlights, throwing out a bright, concentrated beam of light. Such lights are bound to cause dazzle, and dazzle—particularly at pedestrian crossings, where traffic signals are generally situated—is a highly potential source of accidents.

The way to remedy this is to cut down the strength of the light by a suitable filter until

it is but a glow, and to compensate for this decreased power by making it very much bigger—say, a disc two-thirds of the original size. A light of this kind would be very much easier to see in daytime, and would be devoid of dazzle at night. It should be possible to increase the area of the light, to a disc



ENGINEERING PERFECTION IN PEACE AND WAR: A DAIMLER "TWENTY" SPORTS SALOON AT SHOTTERY, WARWICKSHIRE, PARKED NEAR A TROPHY TAKEN IN THE LAST WAR.

with a diameter the size of the present slits without having to modify the present shields.

Another suggestion I have had put to me lately in connection with traffic signals is that at night the red and green should be discarded in favour of a permanent glow of amber. This would serve as a warning to motorists that they were approaching a crossing, and I seem to remember that in the early days of traffic signals this method was actually adopted in some cases by means of an amber globe on top of the light standard, the lights themselves ceasing to operate after midnight. This suggestion has two advantages. It would mean that the full

[Continued overleaf.]

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power of the traffic lights could be used in daytime, instead of the almost invisible little cross that is so difficult to see unless one is directly in line with it, while at night it would save a considerable amount of time and petrol. Except at the very busiest crossings, the flow of traffic is so sparse at night nowadays that one is frequently held up for a full half-minute at traffic lights in order to let a single car or cyclist cross one's route. The proposed orange glow would remind one to reduce speed and be on the alert for other traffic, and at the same time permit one to maintain a more constant gait and reach one's destination with a minimum consumption of fuel. It is utterly inconsonant with the necessity for national economy of petrol that motor-vehicles should be held up by traffic lights for periods that were dictated by the far heavier volume of traffic of peacetime.

However, the casualty roll on the roads in the first month of the war was so distressing that the authorities are not likely to make any modification of the traffic lights that might possibly add to the number of accidents, and it must be admitted that the substitution of the red and green by a permanent orange light would demand a uniformly good standard of driving judgment on the part of motorists and other road-users. In Paris, of course, this would present no difficulty, for French motorists are universally clever at co-operating with each other at crossings—assisted to a great extent by the give-way-to-the-car-on-the-right rule. The British motorist,

on the other hand, is much more inclined to hesitate in such circumstances, having little or no faith in the judgment of "the other fellow." If the orange warning-light were used, then, it might well cause a crop of accidents which would more than outweigh the value of the fuel saved.



PLOUGHING AT NIGHT BY THE LIGHT OF POWERFUL HEADLAMPS: A TRACTOR DRAWING A FIVE-FURROW PLOUGH ON THE WILTSHIRE ESTATE OF MR. W. E. ROOTES.

The urgent importance of putting more of Britain's fertile land under cultivation is now generally recognised. The photograph above shows how the work is being speeded up on the Wiltshire estate of Mr. W. E. Rootes, the well-known motor-car and aircraft manufacturer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Christmas is approaching, and with it Christmas shopping. Messrs. Liberty, indeed, despite the

unsettled times, have now published their Christmas catalogue. Readers desirous of obtaining a copy (post free) should write to Messrs. Liberty and Co., Ltd., Regent Street, W.1. The catalogue is illustrated in full colour and contains a varied range of possible and lovely gifts, including jewellery and some of the famous Liberty fabrics. Children, too, are well catered for—there is an enchanting Panda toy; while the lamp-shades, hand-painted after designs from Beatrix Potter, are a delight. The Toy Department has been recently enlarged, and includes among the latest novelties a unique collection of dolls in national and period costumes.

In our issue of Oct. 28 (page 643), an error was made in the caption beneath one of the photographs illustrating the Turkish naval college. Instead of "Learning the facts about a modern destroyer," this caption should have read "about a battleship."

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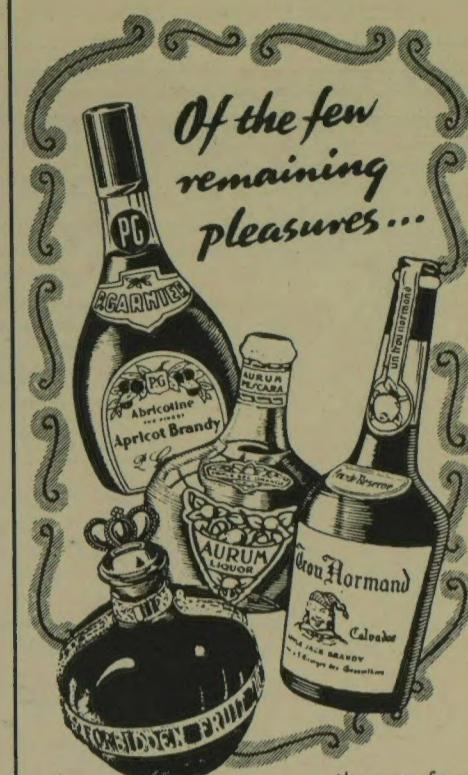
In an article on "Modern Aspects of Tuberculosis" in the *Medical Echo*, a writer quotes this significant test. He says "Perhaps the most forcible evidence which can be adduced for this action of 'Sanatogen' is a comparison of cases treated by this preparation and by cod-liver oil. Whereas the average daily increase with the latter was only three-fifths of an ounce, it was no less than two ounces with 'Sanatogen'." A convincing illustration of the power of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food to rebuild and restore.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 756.)

The story deals frankly and a trifle cynically with various love-affairs, especially those of a young woman hurried by a worldly mother into an unsuitable marriage. The background is provided by social visits, hunting trips, and other amusements. While the dialogue is often frivolous, and the characters reveal a rather shallow mentality, without much aesthetic perception or sense of racial responsibility, the writer could hardly be blamed if the impression thus conveyed were correct. From the predominance of detail concerning feminine activities and points of view, I imagine the book to be the work of a woman. With the present revival of political interest in the Indian scene, it should have a good chance of success.

Readers who like the darker side of recent European history presented in fictional form, with emphasis laid on scenes of agony, will find much to their taste in "THE SONG OF THE PEASANT." By Robert Young (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). This, too, is a first novel, and a powerful one of its kind, but it is not a first book in the wider sense, for the author attracted considerable attention, a year or two ago, with his study of the international situation entitled "A Young Man Looks at Europe." That work was based, if I remember right, on things seen during a personal tour in various countries. Mr. Young has now worked up what he saw in Spain into a tale showing vividly how the Civil War brought ruin to a Catalan fishing village infected with political unrest. Early in the story an apparent predilection for painful subjects is indicated by a long description of an expectant mother's ordeal, with realistic touches reminiscent of D. H. Lawrence.

Finally, here is a new detective story, "MR. PINKERTON AND THE OLD ANGEL." By David Frome (Longmans; 7s. 6d.). Though the story is new, the principal character, of course, has long been well-known to the "thriller" public from his many previous adventures. This latest is a tale of murders in Rye, opening at an inn with smuggling memories, secret passages and doors hidden in Tudor panelling. Mr. Pinkerton displays his usual capacity for unconsciously assisting Scotland Yard by getting

entangled in compromising situations. He belongs to what might be called the "old crock" class of amateur sleuths. I find him mildly amusing, though I prefer the more virile, witty, and adventurous type, such as Anthony Gethry, Lord Peter Wimsey, and Colonel Gore, or else the scientific sort deriving from their great progenitor, Sherlock Holmes, and including Dr. Thorndyke.

"THE DAUGHTERS OF GEORGE III."

(Continued from page 738.)

and just. But people got hold of him, and Flattery did more harm in that quarter than anything. I hate to say it, but I will not write what is *not sincere*. To you often I have cried over him; he was so little understood, and was received from his good looks, his captivating manners, but so young, and admired, and made much of, that it was ruin to him—and to whom would it not [be]. A more generous creature never existed, and had his talents been properly called out he would have been very different from what he was. He showed when he was urged into action that he had very excellent good sense, and he certainly was the man who was the great instigator of the Duke of Wellington attending in Spain and Portugal, which occasioned in the long run the fall of that monster who had been a scourge to us all for such a number of years." This was the Elizabeth many of whose drawings, very much of the period, were published as engravings. All these girls had individual characters, and could express themselves forcibly. Had they been given a freer upbringing, some, at least, of them might have done enough to render it unnecessary for Miss Stuart to group them all in one book and sort out for the public "the daughters of George III."

I cannot leave this book without saying how very agreeable the illustrations are, and how novel some of them. There have been so many books about the period that we have grown familiar with many of the finest portraits of the eminent by the eminent, but about these, as a body, there is freshness as well as charm. The frontispiece is by Copley, "The Three Youngest Daughters of George III," and hangs in Buckingham Palace. Also from the Royal Galleries are "Queen Charlotte with the Princess Royal," by Benjamin West (like Copley, an American born), and two admirable Gainsboroughs of Princess Augusta and of Princess Mary as a child. The first, which is at Windsor, is a most ethereal picture of a wayward, witty, coquettish, amused face.

"HIS MAJESTY'S GUEST," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

IT is to be hoped that Mr. Tom Walls has not spent any of his eight years' absence from the stage searching for plays. For if this is the best he has discovered he must have read some incredibly dull manuscripts. The author describes this opus as "a comedy with drama." It would have been better if he had not diffused his talents, but concentrated on supplying his "comedy" with *comedy*. The "drama" is negligible; attempts at housebreaking being mainly of the burlesque order. While for laughs Mr. Walls has to depend on his facial expression rather than his author's lines. One might surmise that the playwright has lost many hours studying some handbook on "How to Write a Successful Play." Not appreciating that anyone who knew how to do this would not waste paper and ink instructing others. Most of the first act is painstakingly spent in "working up" to the star's entrance. When Mr. Walls did finally appear one almost expected him to land, with a clash of cymbals from the orchestra, head over heels from a motor smash. It would seem that the character Mr. Walls represented had just done a stretch of eight years for forgery. For a reason that escaped those who have no gift for such penmanship, he appeared to regard himself as some sort of hero after his discharge from prison. An attractive newcomer to the West End stage, Miss Veronica Rose, seemed to share, as the heroine, his admiration for himself. One can accept Mr. Walls as a cheery, beery baronet . . . with one eye on a pretty girl, and the other on a newly-opened bottle of champagne. But as a teetotal ex-convict, loyal to his first love, one feels Mr. Walls has mis-cast himself. Also he has not aided his return to the theatre by producing himself. Mr. Walls has spent so many years in film studios he has forgotten that on the stage the drama must show in three hours more than any film director can "shoot" in three minutes. How he allows his players to "stand around" (as if some film camera-man was crying, "Hold it!"), only readers who know the difference between acting in front of an audience, without the chance of a "re-take," will appreciate. However, it must be said that the first-night audience seemed to enjoy themselves.

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Published Weekly at 1/-	12 months, including Xmas Number.	6 months including Xmas Number.	3 months, no extras.
INLAND	£. s. d. 3 0 10	£. s. d. 1 12 3	s. d. 14 9
CANADA	3 0 8	1 11 6	14 8
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GUATEMALA: THE
MAYA CALENDAR.

IT is a handsome stamp that the Hon. George R. Bellew, M.V.O., Somerset Herald of Arms and Registrar of the College of Arms, has designed for the 10s. King George VI. stamp of Great Britain. It completes the series for the present reign.

The new stamp, printed by the intaglio process in blue, shows the King's head placed within a conventional cartouche of decorative design. Surrounding this, on either side, are branches of laurel which have become almost established as a traditional decoration in British stamps, for they appear in many of the issues of their late Majesties King George V., King Edward VII., and Queen Victoria. Included in the design are the floral emblems associated with the three kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland and the Principality of Wales. Above the cartouche is set the Imperial Crown. The denomination is shown in large figures in each of the lower corners.

Some new stamps from Guatemala, attractively printed in colour gravure, introduce some interesting subjects. A ½-centavo green and a red-brown depict the Maya Calendar in the Archeological Museum. The 2 centavos blue and black represents the "White Nun," an orchid of extreme beauty, which is regarded as the national flower of

Guatemala. The familiar Quetzal figures on the 3 centavos, which occurs in two editions, differentiated only in the colour of the frame. These colours are orange-red and blue-green, and bistre-brown and blue-green. The 5 centavos in blue, red and black bears the arms and a map of the Republic.

The latest National Parks set of stamps from Japan depict Mt. Kuju as seen from the village of Kuju on the 2 sen brown; Nakadake, Central Peak of Mt. Aso, seen across the grassland of Kusasenri-ga-hama, on the 4 sen yellow-green. On the 10 sen carmine is seen the crater of Nakadake from above. The 20 sen blue shows the volcanic cones of Mt. Aso from the plateau of Kuju.

I illustrate the rather striking stamp issued to call attention to Luxembourg's thermal resort of Mondorf-les-Bains.

The stamp was to have been issued in a special edition from a philatelic exhibition in September, but exhibition and stamp were cancelled on account of the war.

The stamp, printed in rose-red, has now taken its place in the current series for the Grand Duchy.

The new air-mail stamps of Papua show a local scene in which natives are poling rafts and proceeding with their maize.

It is just twenty-five years since New Zealand undertook the control of Western Samoa under mandate of the League of Nations. The period has been marked by the issue of four attractive line-engraved stamps. Two of these—1d. red and sage-green and 1½d. brown and blue—are by Mr. J. Berry, of Wellington. The 1d. presents a typical Samoan coastal village, and the 1½d. bears a map. A Samoan siva or dancing-party is to be seen on the 2½d. blue and brown, while the 7d. olive and purple bears the familiar features of Robert Louis Stevenson, who spent his last days in the islands. The two higher values are the work of Mr. L. C. Mitchell, of Wellington. All have been engraved and printed by Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson and Co., Ltd., of New Malden.

Switzerland's Pro-Juventute (for the Children) stamps, to be issued on Dec. 1 this year for use in the Christmas mails, will be of the following denominations and subjects: 5+5 centimes, green: Portrait of General Hans Herzog, Commander of the Swiss Army in 1870; 10+5 centimes, violet on buff: Girl of the Canton of Fribourg; 20+5 centimes, red on buff: Girl of Nidwalden Canton; 30+10 centimes, blue on buff: Girl from Basle.

A set of five stamps was issued in Thai (Siam) for the celebration of the Siamese National Day. They are all in one design, as illustrated, showing the National Assembly Hall, and the values are 2 satangs brown-lilac; 3s. green; 5s. mauve; 10s. carmine; and 15s. blue.



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